VOL. 48 NO. 4
APRIL 1961

Special Short Story Issue

Too Swift the Curve

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

New April rides again the curve of light;
Gay crocuses tip cups of last year's sun.
Ground-peeping green of blade has pierced the height
Of maple's apex, mottling winter's dun;
Old diligence has found the new bee's wing.
Voice comes again to air, a higher reach
Re-blues the sky, sharp urgencies of spring
Curve eager leaf and petal each to each.
The annual ferris wheel is on the turn.
Quince, lilac, almond seek the upward thrill
To touch the arc of hunger's highest burn,
Indifferent to hidden downward chill.
Forever circling, April round to March —
Too swift the curve, white ice beneath the arch.

The Cover: Assembly Hall, Salt Lake City, Utah
Color Transparency by Hal Rumel

Frontispiece: Mount Timpanogos, Utah, in Springtime
Photograph by Ansel Nohr

Cover Design by Evan Jensen

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From Near and Far

I appreciate very much the fine address of Elder Marion G. Romney in the February issue of *The Relief Society Magazine* "The Rewards of Welfare Service." I think Mabel Harmer's continued story "Love Is Enough" is most interesting and so well written. The story "My Own Stove, My Own Table," by Sarah O. Moss is tender, indeed. Of course, I read the entire *Magazine* and enjoyed it over and over.

—Frances C. Yost
Bancroft, Idaho

Yesterday I received my copy of the January *Magazine*, and the first thing I did was to read the first prize story ("Grafted" by Hope M. Williams). . . . It brought tears to my eyes to read such a touching story.

—Margene Stringham
Logan, Utah

It thrilled me to the heart to read "My Third Grandma" (by Ilene H. Kingsbury) in the September, October, and November 1960 issues of *The Relief Society Magazine*, because it is the story of my own dear Grandma Morgan. Older people than I here in Beaver have recalled that the author must be Ilene Hanks Kingsbury who lived next door to Grandma Morgan.

—Erma White Kerksiek
Beaver, Utah

I loved the *Magazine* cover for January by Claire Noall. The *Magazine* is my inspiration.

—Ida Isaacson
Salt Lake City, Utah

I like our *Relief Society Magazine* very much. It is a very lovely periodical. The stories and the poems are all good reading and of the highest quality. Then there are the religious parts of the *Magazine*, and they are all for the benefit of making Latter-day Saints live better and help us to remember the promises we made when we became members of the Church.

—Susannah Sharp Crashaw
Hermosa Beach, California

I just love your beautiful *Magazine* with such wonderful colors and scenes for the covers, also the poems and short stories and cooking hints. I enjoy every minute of reading this *Magazine*. I bless the day that my sister-in-law Gladys Wray had the wonderful thought of sending the *Magazine* to me. I am not a member of your wonderful Church, but I do know you have wonderful people who belong.

—O. M. Wray
Mold, Flintshire
North Wales
British Isles

I must write and tell you how much I love the covers in color on the *Magazine*. They are so beautiful. The October 1960 cover is especially dazzling. It makes me feel as if I were really standing on a hill looking at the scene myself.

—Nora O. Caldwell
Grantsville, Utah

Being recently converted to this wonderful faith, I would like to tell you of my luck. While reading one of *The Relief Society Magazines*, I noted that no back numbers could be obtained. Well, I was fortunate to receive twenty-two *Magazines* from Sister Eve England, and her daughter has sent me a Christmas gift of a year's subscription. I have enjoyed reading these books and very much like the recipes. The lessons are an inspiration, and there is so much that a new member can learn about the Church. The covers are beautiful.

—Mrs. C. Nell
Carletonville
South Africa

Yesterday I came across the December *Relief Society Magazine*. It was coverless, for I had removed the beautiful painting of the Madonna, to keep, but I saw again the frontispiece poem with its haunting lines, and I remembered how I had enjoyed it, and the Frances Yost story "Grandma's Surprise Packages," and the other nice things in the Magazine.

—Dorothy J. Roberts
Salt Lake City, Utah

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

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VOL. 48 APRIL 1961 NO. 4

Contents

SPECIAL FEATURES

Search for Knowledge and Understanding ..... Joseph Fielding Smith 212
Cancer Is Everybody's Business ..... Wallace W. Tudor 241
The Locust Tree Shall Bloom Again ..... Pauline L. Jensen 242

FICTION—SPECIAL APRIL SHORT STORIES

Room for Jenny ..... Dorothy S. Romney 217
Stranger in Their Midst ..... Jeanne J. Larson 224
"I'm Sorry for Your Flowers" ..... Iris W. Schow 230
The Ogre on Alden Street ..... Barbara Williams 245
The Cellar ..... Jerry Barlow 253
The Best-Laid Plans ..... Maude Proctor 257
Love Is Enough — Chapter 4 ..... Mabel Harmer 261

GENERAL FEATURES

From Near and Far 210
Sixty Years Ago 236
Woman's Sphere ..... Ramona W. Cannon 237
Editorial: "All Things Shall Be Restored" ..... Vesta P. Crawford 238
Marie Curtis Richards Released From the General Board 239
National Library Week 240
Notes to the Field: Lesson Previews to Appear in the June Issue of **The Relief Society Magazine** 240
Notes From the Field: Relief Society Activities ..... Hulda Parker 267
Birthday Congratulations 280

FEATURES FOR THE HOME

"Hath the Rain a Father?" ..... LaVerda Bullock White 244
Elvina J. Homer's Hobby Is Family History and Genealogical Work 251
Life Is Fissionable ..... Leona Fetzer Wintch 252
Something Different for Dinner 256
Pioneer Kitchen ..... Alice R. Rich 273
Kicking the Rock ..... Celia Luce 274
Rejuvenation ..... Cleo J. Johnson 275
The Antidote ..... Cynthia M. Trunnell 276
On Second Thought ..... Stella Hatch 278

POETRY

Too Swift the Curve ..... Eva Willes Wangsgaard 209
Lost Beauty, by Mabel Law Atkinson, 216; Except for the Daisies, by Mabel Jones Gabbott, 222; Forever the Fragile Lily, by Blanche Kendall McKey, 223; Spring Day, by Christie Lund Coles, 229; Almond Blossoms, by Annie Atkin Tanner, 241; Mountain Springtime, by Rowena Jensen Bills, 243; Tired Warrior, by Margery S. Stewart, 250; Follow a Star, by Grace Barker Wilson, 252; A Daughter's Prayer, by Billie Sue Nickle Coffin, 260; Prayer of a Second Wife, Vesta Nickerson Fairbairn, 266; The Big and the Little by Maude Rubin, 274; Morning Promise, by Leah W. Kimball, 279; For April's Sake, by Ida Elaine James, 280.

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Search for Knowledge and Understanding

President Joseph Fielding Smith
Of the Council of the Twelve

[Address delivered at the Annual General Relief Society Conference, October 5, 1960]

I want to say a word of appreciation and thanks to these good sisters who came all the way from the Big Horn to sing to us. It is lovely and I want them to know that we appreciate it. I would like to say, too, that Sister Smith and I have been guests in the home of Mr. Hamblin, the author of this wonderful anthem. He has written some of the best sacred music of anybody that I have any knowledge of. I wish we could get him in the Church.

Now, contrary to what I usually do, I have chosen a text that I am going to read to you. It is from the 19th Psalm:

> The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.
>
> The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.
>
> The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever: the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.
>
> More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.
>
> Moreover by them is thy servant warned: and in keeping of them there is great reward.
>
> Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.
>
> Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.
>
> Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer (Psalms 19:7-14).

That is one of the most beautiful psalms in all the psalms that have been written, that have come down to us. The people today, I think many of them at least, have varied, incorrect ideas about these old prophets. They were poets and they had inspiration, and how the spirit of the Lord had touched their souls has come down to us in these words that have been preserved. How grateful we ought to be that some of these very choice instructions, prayers uttered from the sincerity of the hearts of men who believed in God, have come down to us. I wonder how much we appreciate them.

Now these men that wrote were prophets. Many of the psalms were written by David. David was a good man at heart. He made one very serious error that will stand against him even unto the judgment day. But in deep humility, he sorely repented, so in sincerity of his humility and when I read these words I can't help but feel the greater sympathy for this great man.

But what I want to talk to you about is not the fact that the ancient prophets had the inspiration and poured out their souls

prayer, but I want to call attention to the counsels that they gave to us.

Now when this psalm was written, there was no Bible. The Israelites had copies of the Five Books of Moses, and they had some few other writings, but they were not distributed generally. They were in manuscript form and mostly in the hands of the priests.

THE members of the Church were not fortunate enough to have copies of the scriptures in their possession. They listened to the instructions that were given to them. They were taught to be humble and faithful before the Lord, to pray, to worship properly, but they did not have the opportunity to sit down at their tent doors or their porches and pick up the scriptures and read them. Those privileges were denied them because they were not to be had.

There came a time when there was a period that no scripture was had among them. The scriptures had become lost, and then one day in the cleaning of the temple, the scriptures were found and were brought to the king. They had a righteous king on the throne at that time, and he rejoiced and called his people together and reiterated to them the commandments that the Lord had given him, because they were forgetting them, and so they made new covenants.

When I read these beautiful sayings that have come down to us and think of the circumstances under which they were written, and the scarcity of copies and the need of the people at large to depend upon the teachings that came to them through their scribes and teachers, I can understand how they so frequently became careless and indifferent and forgot the commandments of the Lord. And so the Lord had to send his prophets among them every little while to stir them up to remembrance of the covenants they had made.

You know when they had come out of Egypt and had crossed the Jordan, Joshua had them build the monument of stone in memory of their deliverance and their coming into the promised land — the land that had been given to Abraham as an eternal possession — and so to build the monument to keep the people reminded of their great blessings and of their deliverance, they all took a covenant that they would teach the words of the Lord. They would be true to his covenants and remember them, but it was not long after this that they began to forget. I can see a little more occasion for them forgetting than there is for us in our day. In fact, I see no occasion for us to forget. How greatly blessed we are!

NOW, it isn't necessary for us to go to meeting to hear the word of the Lord, to hear somebody read from the scriptures. We are not depending upon the elders and the priests of the Church to instruct us. Now, the Israelites were, more or less, more than less, because they did not have these meetings at hand, and when I think of them turning away and forgetting, then, there comes into my mind a little feeling of sympathy for those poor people. Our memories are more or less short, if we do not keep everything in mind at all times. And when they only heard the word of the Lord

occasionally, they could not sit down in their homes and open the scriptures and read the commandments of the Lord. Maybe I ought to be a little more charitable to them for their disobedience.

Now it is different with us. There is not a home in any part of the world where the Bible should not be found. There is not a home where The Book of Mormon should not be found. I am speaking of the Latter-day Saint families. There is no home where The Doctrine and Covenants and The Pearl of Great Price should not be. Not necessarily on the shelves or in the cupboard, but opened where they can be easily reached, and the members of the family might find access to them and sit down and read and study the principles of the gospel for themselves. Now it is possible with us anywhere, in any stake or ward or branch of this Church, and yet, my good brothers and sisters, I am indeed sorrowful in my thinking because of the lack on the part of the members of this Church to search for knowledge and understanding. While all these things are before us, we can have them.

There isn't anybody in the Church who could not have in printed form the revelations of the Lord, the history of Israel, the words of our Redeemer as recorded in the four gospels, the writings of the apostles of old, as far as they have come to us. They are accessible and they ought to be in every home, and they ought to be available where we can find them, where we could sit down when we have a few minutes to spare and read a chapter and a few verses and keep ourselves posted.

Now, why am I talking like this? I am going to tell you why. Foolishly, maybe, I accepted a responsibility of answering questions and having them published, many of them. Well, I don't publish all that I get by any means. In fact, I don't answer them all because I can't, there are too many of them. But what is astonishing to me is the nature of some of the questions that some of the members of the Church write to me about, which, if they would turn to their Standard Works and spend just a little time studying them, they would not have to ask the questions, because they are all answered, and the Lord has given them to us. Yet, I will have the same question coming to me over and over again, even after it has been published as an answer to a question.

I feel that the Latter-day Saints — our sisters as well as our brethren, many of them, are under condemnation before the Lord because he has given us so much pertaining to our present needs and our salvation, and yet the great majority of us, if I have the right understanding of us, we don't study, and we don't hunt for these things and we don't know about them, and so we are in danger — danger of being led astray.

ABOVE all else, we ought to live the truth. That is, the truth of the gospel of Jesus Christ. That ought to be the choicest thing in all of the world, and why not? These words are so beautiful here:

> More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb (Psalms 19:10).

How many of us feel that way? Are they sweet to us like that? Well, sisters, if they are not, we have nobody to blame but ourselves. In the Lord's preface to The Doctrine and Covenants — his own preface, one that he dictated, speaking of those revelations — we find in The Doctrine and Covenants he says: "Search these commandments, for they are true and faithful, and the prophecies and promises which are in them shall be fulfilled") D & C 1:37). Well, I get so many questions sent to me that are simple and that are answered completely in those revelations which we are commanded to search, and as I say, I answer them and they are published and here within a week, a month, after they are published, this question comes back again. Now, you think I am complaining don't you? I am not complaining. I am only calling attention to one of our responsibilities as mothers and fathers and as children.

Now I will ask you this question, and you can answer it to yourself, who should have a better understanding of the fundamental principles of the gospel than the mother in the home? Well, I don't know of anybody. Why? Because she is with those little children of hers more than the father, if she is doing her duty she is, and they come to her with their questions. They come to her knee, and that is why she ought to instruct them. She would make a far better job of it than the father can, and I am not excusing the father. It is as much his responsibility to see that the children are raised in light and truth as the Lord has said. The Lord has placed that responsibility upon us. He has made it so definite, and he also gave us a warning that it is the fathers and mothers of children who will have to answer if their children go wrong, if they have neglected those responsibilities.

I am not finding fault with any of you good sisters here, and what I am saying maybe doesn't apply to a single one of you, because you are the women who are active. You are the women who are teaching and directing. I am not talking to you particularly, but to the sisters of all of the Church and to the fathers of all of the Church, for that matter. When you go into the homes to visit, can't you do something to encourage the mothers to teach their children, to read the scriptures to them, and bring them up as the Lord has said in light and truth.

I am going to read another passage to you. The Lord said in the last days he was going to make a covenant with Israel. He has made it, but I want to read these verses to you:

> Behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that I will make a new covenant with the house of Israel, and with the house of Judah:
>
> Not according to the covenant that I made with their fathers in the day that I took them by the hand to bring them out of the land of Egypt; which my covenant they brake, although I was an husband unto them, saith the Lord:
>
> But this shall be the covenant that I will make with the house of Israel; After those days, saith the Lord, I will put my law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts; and will be their God, and they shall be my people.
>
> And they shall teach no more every man his neighbour, and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord: for they shall all know me, from the least of them

unto the greatest of them, saith the Lord: for I will forgive their iniquity, and I will remember their sin no more (Jeremiah 31:31-34).

NOW, I am just foolish enough, maybe, to believe the Lord has given us the covenant that he promised. Where do we get it? In the House of the Lord, but we don't want you going into the House of the Lord, or anybody going there to receive a covenant, unless he intends to keep it. Now, I don't believe I quite finished that, did I? Well, that is enough anyway. The Lord has given us the covenant and we are not to break it. We are to keep the covenants, so the time will come when it will not be necessary for anyone to teach his neighbor. For as the Lord says, ". . . they shall all know me, from the least of them to the greatest of them. . . ." Oh, if we could just get to that place!

Sister Smith went with me to a stake conference. The president of that stake put his people under a covenant that they would read The Book of Mormon. They are going to do it piecemeal. That is — so many chapters a quarter, and then during that quarter they were to write to him and tell him that they had finished the assignment, and then he would give them another one until they had finished The Book of Mormon through the year. Sister Smith took that covenant, along with the others, not because she had to read The Book of Mormon, because I happen to know that she has read it and had been reading it constantly, but she took that covenant, and she is carrying it through and reporting to that stake president, and she is right up on her lessons, going through The Book of Mormon again.

Now, you sisters, when you go home, teach your good sisters in the stakes to have a little more interest in revelations the Lord has given us pertaining to our exaltation. Now forgive me for taking all this time. The Lord bless you in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Lost Beauty

Mabel Law Atkinson

Yearning to scale far mountain heights,
Idly I dreamed. . . . Now with regrets
I think of hills I might have climbed —
Near hills, with violets.

Room for Jenny

Dorothy S. Romney

HOW beautiful it is here on the hilltop, Laura thought, suspended between the blue of the lake and the blue of the sky. She felt completely detached, as though she belonged to neither sea nor sky nor troubled world.

She knew that in a matter of moments she would have to leave her retreat and return to the house by the side of the lake and face her problems. She fervently hoped that today she would find strength, so that Tom could look upon her with pride when he returned home tomorrow night.

She could hear the chug-chug of the launch, and realized that it was later than she had supposed. She gathered up her sun hat and the book she had brought to read, and then had left untouched.

As she made her way down the uneven path, she thought wryly, how much easier life would be if I could leave my memories here on the hilltop in the bright sunlight, where they could fly away as swiftly as the huge golden butterfly now taking wing. No, that isn't quite what I want either, she quickly decided, only to live with them in peace.

She could see over the tops of the shrubbery growing beside the path that Lafe had already tied the launch to the pier. She stopped and watched as he turned to help Tom's new handyman from the boat. She knew from the letter he had written in answer to the ad, that he was an older man than Tom had wanted, but with the small wage Tom could afford to pay, it had been the best he could do.

Then Laura saw Lafe assist a third person from the boat. She pressed her handkerchief to her eyes and looked again! Her heart stood still. It was a little girl. She could see in the bright sunlight that the child had red hair, braided in two pigtails that hung down over her shoulders. Even from that distance, Laura could see that the girl was too pale and too thin — and, oh, yes, she noted, with a catch in her throat, she had a brace on her left leg.

Laura's first reaction was to sit down right where she was and weep, and then she remembered her vow to conduct herself with courage.

Who is this forlorn looking child? she asked herself. She thought of her own Cherie, with golden curls and rosy cheeks, and then remembered the empty room, the bed made up with a bright counterpane, dolls in their appointed places, sunny yellow ruffled curtains making the windows bright. A room that Cherie would never see again.

Probably someone Lafe has brought over for the day to visit his girls, she reasoned, as she continued on her way.

The child was smiling as she walked slightly ahead of the two men, her left foot dragging ever so little over the uneven path.

"Laura, this is Mr. Peters, your new man," Lafe said, as soon as they were within speaking distance.

"How do, Ma'am," Mr. Peters

said, putting down one of his bags, and extending his hand.

"Welcome, Mr. Peters." Laura tried to make her voice sound cheerful. "We need you around here."

SHE waited for Lafe to explain the presence of the child, but he did not.

Finally, Mr. Peters turned to the little girl. "And this here is Jenny, my granddaughter, Ma'am," he said. "The lady who had her care took sick yesterday. I'm her only kin," he stated flatly.

Laura stood very still for a moment. "I suppose she has come for a visit," she said.

"No, Ma'am," Mr. Peters replied in a quiet but determined voice, "Jenny will have to live here, or I can't take the job."

If only Tom were here, thought Laura, desperately, and then remembered that it was time she started making her own decisions again. She had leaned on Tom's strength long enough.

Both men were waiting for her to speak. The smile had left Jenny's face, and she looked frightened.

"Come into the house, all of you," said Laura, "and I'll fix some lunch."

"I'll have to be getting along," Lafe told her. "Got some postholes to dig."

"Thanks, Lafe, for taking time off — I know how busy you are," Laura said. "Tell Nora to walk over later, if she has time."

"You're welcome, Laura," Lafe answered gently. "Call me any time that Tom is away." He turned and started along the path toward home, then stopped and waved his hand. "I'll tell Nora," he called back.

"Come along," said Laura, and led the way to the house, thinking as she went how patient Nora and Lafe had been with her in her grief.

They were the only neighbors here on the "point of land." Tom, as head of the section's forest conservation, spent much of his time in the mountains. Laura needed the friendship and understanding of her neighbors.

She stopped when she came to Mr. Peter's quarters, a bedroom and bath, detached from the main house.

"You go right in and wash up," she told him. "Then come into the kitchen. I'll have lunch ready."

She didn't offer to take Jenny's bag into the house. Her thoughts were in a turmoil. The only possible place in the house where they could put a child was in Cherie's room, and Laura's mind refused to accept this.

As soon as they entered the kitchen, the little girl dropped down on a low stool. Laura heard a faint sigh. She walked to the refrigerator and poured a glass of milk and handed it to Jenny, who took it in both hands and sipped it slowly.

Mr. Peters knocked on the kitchen door before entering. He looked anxiously at Jenny.

"Her leg gets tired," he stated simply.

"Yes, I suppose it does," Laura said. "Sit down. Lunch will be ready in a minute."

SHE took the empty glass from Jenny's hand and led her into the bathroom, where she washed the child's face and hands. Jenny watched her silently, her eyes large.

The meal was pleasant enough.

Mr. Peters seemed eager to please, asking Laura all about his work. She explained that his job would be to keep the buildings in repair. He would also cultivate a small garden that supplied their fresh vegetables, and make an occasional trip into the mountains beyond when Tom needed an assistant.

Jenny ate little, and kept her eyes on Laura's face throughout the meal.

"About Jenny," Mr. Peters said, when he had excused himself and risen from the table. "Does she stay?"

Laura nodded. "For the present," she said, "but I'll have to speak to Tom, my husband, about any permanent arrangement."

Mr. Peters looked crestfallen, and Laura immediately regretted the remark. Besides, she had only this morning promised herself she would no longer lean on Tom's strength. It had been almost a year since Cherie's death from rheumatic fever, a tragedy as inevitable on the mainland as here on the island, the doctor had told them.

"I'll bring Jenny's bag, and then get right to work," Mr. Peters said.

* * * * *

THAT evening shortly after dinner, Laura was faced with the ordeal of putting Jenny to bed. During the past lonely, empty months she had studiously avoided children, refusing to walk to the Jackson place, pointedly inviting Nora to come alone when she visited. The two families had traveled to Church meetings together formerly, a short trip of half an hour in Tom's fast launch, making a happy group. Now Tom and Laura went alone.

Laura reluctantly led Jenny into Cherie's bedroom. Its walls were pale green, Cherie's favorite color. Low white shelves held the toys and picture books, with the dolls seated in a prim row on top of the shelf.

"You will sleep here," Laura said, carefully folding the counterpane, and going to the closet for a heavy blanket. "But, remember, it's not your room, and you mustn't touch anything." Laura's words were scarcely audible.

Jenny nodded. Her eyes grew even more saucerlike at the sight of the dolls.

"But who lives here?" she asked, in a whisper.

"It belongs to my own little girl. She — she's not here any more."

"Are those her pretty clothes, too?" Jenny asked, looking into the open closet.

"Yes," said Laura.

The brace stayed on, Jenny informed her, and Laura helped the child into bed and tucked her in warmly. Jenny immediately closed her eyes, and as Laura looked down on her a feeling of tenderness swept over her. She closed the door softly, leaned against it and wept. It was the first time in months that she had been able to cry.

* * * * *

THE next day was a hard one for Laura. Jenny, she decided, was the most silent child she had ever seen — so unlike Cherie, who had been constantly chattering. She longed for the close of day that would bring Tom home.

The little girl seemed content to sit quietly in the sun. Laura stayed inside and went about her housework. Shortly after lunch she heard Nora's voice on the patio.

"Hello. You're Jenny, aren't you?"

"Yes," the child answered.

"Do you like to sit in the sun?" asked Nora.

"Yes, Ma'am," said Jenny.

Nora came into the kitchen, then, tapping lightly on the screen door and calling out a greeting before entering. She sat down at the kitchen table.

"The poor little thing," she said. "She looks half starved — and lonesome."

"She'll be well fed — as long as she is here," Laura said, and saw her neighbor raise a questioning eyebrow in her direction, as if to say, "But how long will that be?"

They talked of other things for awhile, then Nora said, "I must go, Laura. Why don't you let Jenny come home with me and play with Lila and Sue? I have the truck and I'll bring her back after dinner tonight."

"She might as well," Laura consented, relief showing in her voice. "I'll look through her suitcase and see if I can find something more suitable for her to wear."

Nora's girls always looked so fresh and pretty, Laura reminded herself. It would be a shame to have Jenny go in that dark, ill-fitting cotton dress.

But she found nothing. The child seemed possessed of only the barest of wardrobes. Laura, after a hasty decision, walked to the closet. She chose a dress — one that Cherie hadn't liked too well. She called Jenny and buttoned her into it.

Jenny looked down at the soft blue material of the dress, smoothed her fingers over the skirt, and said earnestly, "I'll be very careful with it, Ma'am."

Laura nodded, her heart too full to venture a reply. I wish she wouldn't call me "Ma'am," she thought, it sounds so unfriendly. Then she remembered that she had given Jenny no reason to think her anything but unfriendly.

She waved at Jenny and Nora from the patio, as Lafe's old truck disappeared around the first curve in the road.

* * * * *

JENNY was fast asleep and her grandfather already in his quarters, when Tom reached home. He looked tired as he came through the kitchen door. Laura told him that his new handyman had arrived, and also that he had brought his granddaughter with him.

"I'll be glad to have some help tomorrow," he commented.

He took a bath, then ate the dinner Laura set before him, and retired early.

"It's wonderful to be home again where I can sleep in a bed," he told Laura.

The next morning when Laura awoke, the sun was well up in the sky. It had been a long time since she had slept so late.

Tom was gone. Laura caught up a housecoat, put it on, and went into the kitchen.

Tom was seated at the breakfast table, a hearty meal before him. Across from him sat Jenny, her hair neatly combed and braided in the customary pigtails, wearing the same ill-fitting, dark gingham dress of yesterday morning. There was a difference, however, Laura noted with quickened heartbeat — a big difference. Jenny was actually chat-

tering, and Tom was listening with both ears, and chuckling every once in awhile.

Laura stood still, not daring to breathe.

Just then Jenny looked up and saw her. The chattering ceased, and Jenny's eyes grew saucer round.

"Tom, you're up," said Laura, then turned to Jenny. "Good morning, Jenny."

"Good morning, Ma'am," the child answered.

"Jenny and I cooked breakfast for her grandfather," Tom told Laura, and smiled at Jenny as he said it.

But there was no smile in return. Jenny cast down her eyes, picked up her fork, and slowly started eating her omelet.

In the days that followed, Laura found that Tom had completely lost his heart to Jenny. She would find them chatting and laughing on the patio, or at the breakfast table early.

"You know, Laura," he said to her one day, after the child had gone down to the boat landing with her grandfather, "we could take Jenny into the city this fall and have a doctor look at that leg. It isn't too late to do something about it."

"That isn't our responsibility," she answered, "and besides, she won't be here this fall."

Tom gave her a long look, and Laura found herself coloring under his gaze. "I'm sure her grandfather wouldn't object," he said, quietly. "He is very much concerned over her future."

Laura had made one concession, however. She was letting Jenny wear Cherie's dresses, all but the very special ones.

But there were other problems confronting her. She had often seen Jenny look longingly at the toys in Cherie's room. She supposed she should store them away, but she couldn't as yet bring herself to do this, nor could she tell Jenny they were hers to play with as she wished.

One afternoon, shortly after Tom and Mr. Peters had left on a two-day mountain trip, Jenny was taking her nap when Laura felt loneliness closing in on her.

She was reading in front of the big picture window in the living room, and noted that it had suddenly grown darker. Yes, the sky was full of rain clouds.

She'd have to hurry and close the window in Cherie's room or the curtains would be ruined. She walked down the hall, opened the bedroom door quietly. The bed had not been slept on. Jenny was not there, and neither was the prettiest of Cherie's dolls.

"She promised not to touch anything," Laura cried angrily. "Cherie's favorite doll. . . ." She was remembering her daughter's head of golden curls bent lovingly over the cradle as she put the doll to bed each night.

She heard a patter of rain on the roof. "Where can the child be?" she asked herself softly. Pain stabbed at her heart — if Jenny should get wet and get pneumonia. . . .

She hurriedly took a raincoat for herself and a heavier coat for Jenny from the hall closet. She walked rapidly around the house calling, "Jenny, Jenny." She looked in Mr. Peters' quarters. Jenny was not there.

"Oh, where can she be?" Laura cried again.

She could get a clear view of the

surrounding territory from the hilltop. Her footsteps rushed up the incline.

But there were no signs of movement in either direction. She tried to see if the launch was tied to its pier, but the heavy rain obscured her view.

Could Jenny have untied the boat and be out on the lake? Laura's feet fairly flew along the path.

Halfway to the boat house she caught a glimpse of pink near the water's edge. Jenny had been wearing a pink dress when she went in for her nap. Swiftly Laura covered the remaining ground.

Jenny was there all right, standing forlornly in the rain, clutching the doll tightly. Her once fluffy skirt clung damply to her thin figure.

"What are you doing here?" Laura cried.

Jenny looked up, but said nothing.

"What are you doing here?" Laura repeated.

She walked over, took the sodden doll from Jenny's arms, and draped the coat around her shoulders.

"You promised not to touch anything," Laura accused.

Jenny was beginning to cry. "I'm sorry, Ma'am," she said. "The doll was lonesome without anyone to play with. I was taking her to find your little girl."

LAURA was on her knees, oblivious of the dampness, her arms closed about Jenny. Her tormented face lay against the child's, their tears mingling with the rain.

"Oh, Jenny, Jenny," Laura murmured. "You're safe. I was so frightened — so afraid something had happened to you."

She gave Jenny a tight little hug. How good it felt to hold a child in her arms again. No one could ever take Cherie's place in her heart, but she had just discovered that there was room for Jenny, too.

After a moment, Laura said, her voice breaking, "You won't let the dolls get lonesome again will you? Cherie would like you to take care of them, I know."

Jenny nodded, understandingly. "I'll be very good to them, Ma'am," she said. And for the first time Laura could remember, Jenny smiled at her.

"And could you please, please quit calling me 'Ma'am?' Suppose you call me Aunt Laura."

"Could I maybe call you *Mommie*?" the child whispered, her eyes downcast again.

"Oh, darling, would you?" Laura looked down at the brace on the little girl's leg. "Tom is right, it isn't too late to have something done about that leg. It isn't too late, at all."

The rain had stopped as suddenly as it had begun. The once dull, leaden sky became immediately shafted with gold. Laura looked about her. The shadows were swiftly fading away. How wonderful to see the world looking so bright and new. She looked down at Jenny. Her face was radiant.

"Let's go home, darling," she said.

Hand in hand, they walked toward the house.

Josef Muench

Forever the Fragile Lily

Blanche Kendall McKey

The epochs and the dynasties have passed away,
And yet you are as fresh this Easter day
As any lily that has held the morning dew.
The proud procession of the years,
The yearning hearts, the boisterous cheers,
Are gone; and little in their shadowed splendor
Is more fair than your recurrent rendezvous.
So brief your hour and yet you live forevermore,
With your perfume and your whiteness and your youth!
I feel the cyclic rhythm of the truth
That though you cannot stay,
You will come again when skies are blue,
For many, and yet many, an April day!
Why should one mourn lost life, lost history,
When you transcend death's solemn mystery?

Stranger in Their Midst

Jeanne J. Larson

THE kitchen was warm and cozy, the yellow checked curtains in the breakfast nook picked up the glow of the noonday sun. The satisfying aroma of fresh bread pervaded the air.

"You're getting to be a fine cook," Bob said, as he buttered another hot roll. "I'm proud of you."

Margaretta felt herself blushing at the unaccustomed praise from her reticent, unemotional husband. She felt almost like a bride again.

She looked at Bob with pride and love, this big farm boy with the auburn hair who had captured her interest the first time he tracted at her large home on the outskirts of Curityba, the prosperous German community in southern Brazil. He had captured her parents' interest, also, because of his sincerity and his dedication to his missionary work. Because of the message which he brought them, one by one, the Mueller family had been converted, first by Bob Hillman, and then by subsequent missionaries who took his place.

There had been a special meeting and farewell for Bob and three other missionaries in the Sao Paulo Mission home upon completion of their service for the Church, but Margaretta and her family had lived too far away to attend.

It was three weeks later that she received a letter postmarked from a little town she had never heard of in Wyoming. Bob had written the letter with care, mentioning his return home, the farm he was taking over in Wyoming, his desires and ambitions, and, at the end, his love for Margaretta.

Not by word or deed had he revealed it before. Could she possibly feel the same about him? he wondered. Could she? Could she? She had fairly bubbled over upon reading the letter. It was the same glow she felt now as he patted her arm and complimented her cooking.

As the phone rang, she struggled out of her narrow window seat. Bob continued his meal, eating with relish, but hurriedly, in order to finish plowing the one remaining field before dark.

"Who was it?" He looked up as Margaretta returned to the kitchen.

"It was Betty. She wanted us to go to their house tonight for dessert and an evening with the ex-missionaries."

"Swell," he said with enthusiasm as he stood up and strode toward the back door. "What time?"

Margaretta hesitated. "About seven," she said. How should she tell him? "I . . ." she hesitated again. "I told her you would go, but that I didn't feel much like going out any more and would probably remain at home."

"What!" Bob paused with his hand on the knob. "Don't be silly. Those girls have all had babies. You're not unique." His voice was gruff, and then suddenly he strode over to her at the sink and put his arms around her. "You're the prettiest expectant mother I've ever seen. You put on your best bib and

tucker and we're going to Betty's." He tipped up her chin to force her to look at him. "Okay?"

"Well. . . ."

"No 'wells' about it. Promise," he said. Then he kissed her and was gone.

SHE filled the dishpan with hot suds. Bob loved her, she knew, and his gruffness had been because he was hurt at her not wanting to go with him. Perhaps she was wrong in not telling him how she felt, letting him think that it was because of her condition, when actually it was because she was a stranger in their midst. She couldn't bring herself to tell him how alone she felt at the parties, abandoned the minute they walked in the door. The men, who had so much in common besides their missionary years together, always congregated at one end of the living room and the women immediately gravitated toward the kitchen, chattering about problems of their children, music lessons, P.T.A., Cub Scouts, and Little League. Margaretta had nothing to contribute to such topics; so she sat alone, alone in the kitchen while the women chatted, alone because she was too shy to enter into their conversations, or alone in the living room as the men's group reminisced in Portuguese of their rewarding missionary experiences.

As Margaretta wiped the drainboard clean and gave each cupboard door a final tap to close it securely, she felt the loneliness welling up inside her, longing for her family and friends in Curityba, never once in those days having visualized the bleakness and vast stretches of Wyoming prairie which would one day be her home. She missed the tall Parana pines, the rolling hills, and Curityba itself with its narrow streets, its leisurely life. More than that, however, she felt a desire to be home with her family. She saw them all sitting down to lunch in the elegant dining room, the starched maids serving quietly and efficiently one course after another. She recalled the relaxed *siesta* hour after lunch before the boys and her father returned to the bank, when the family discussed together business, excursions, or the dance she and her sisters were planning to attend.

With the kitchen sparkling and ready for the next meal, Margaretta walked through the hall toward the nursery, smiling to herself at her last thought. Dance, indeed! Dances were for young girls, and she was a married woman about to have her first baby. She caught sight of herself in the hall mirror and leaned closer to it, studying her heavy golden hair pulled in braids atop her head. She looked steadily into the blue eyes which stared back at her from the cold glass. She tentatively smiled and the mirror smiled back with a dimple. I should be ashamed, she thought, to be having such ideas. I'm lucky to have a lovely home and a fine husband and to be waiting for our baby. Her gaze traveled down, how could Bob call her pretty? How could he?

She opened the door into the small blue and white nursery and almost reverently followed her daily routine of opening each drawer in the new dresser bright with animal decals. As she handled the precious garments within, her heart quick-

ened at the thought of having a baby to care for, and she wondered how she could wait the additional time. If only she could talk to someone about it, though, ask all the silly questions which she knew were ridiculous but which needed answering. She looked around her — at the blue and white dotted curtains — at the new crib ready for occupancy — and she felt the tears crowding into her eyes again as they had so often the last weeks. She loved Bob and the home which he had so proudly constructed, and life without him was unthinkable, but life without friends was hard, too. And without family. Her ways were so different from the other wives. If only the chapel were closer so that she could attend more of the meetings, but the sixty-mile round trip to town was time consuming and she and Bob, although faithful on Sundays, found it difficult to make other meetings. Only in meeting, where everything was the same as it had been in the mission field, did she feel truly at ease with the people around her. She wished that someone would drop in on an afternoon as had her sisters and brothers' wives at home, but distances between farms were too great, and then the question came to her mind whether the women would drop in if they could. Why should they call on her, a foreigner?

DESPITE her mood of depression, Margaretta had dressed with care for the party, wearing the blue dress which was Bob's favorite because it matched her eyes. But now, sitting in a chair between Betty's dining room and living room, neither a part of one group nor another, Margaretta wondered why she had bothered.

She recalled with bitterness the first missionary reunion after their marriage. Margaretta and Bob had walked in the door, he had been immediately swallowed up by the group of men, and she had been introduced to the other wives who exchanged superficial pleasantries at first and then gradually dropped back to familiar conversational ground, and Margaretta had been alone in the group.

"Tired?" Tall, vivacious Jane sat on the arm of her chair for a moment and broke into her thoughts.

Margaretta nodded her head. Jane had always seemed to go out of her way to be nice and Margaretta was grateful.

"I always get tired, too," Jane, mother of five, continued in her friendly tone as she ran her slender fingers through her short black hair. "Especially toward the last. Time drags so, but then all of a sudden there it is, the end of the waiting. And you know, it's quite a feeling, that of accomplishment, of fulfillment, the joy that you've shared in bringing something so unbelievably tiny and perfect into the world. Listen to us philosophizing, though. Let's go out in the kitchen." She stood and put her hand under Margaretta's elbow to help her up. "Betty," she called, "Margaretta and I are coming out."

The sudden pleasure which Margaretta had experienced in talking to Jane was chilled. Why was it necessary to give the women in the kitchen warning about her entrance, unless they were talking about her? Several were sitting about the big kitchen table, a couple were leaning

on the drainboard. She could see no signs of the preparations they had said they were making when she had arrived and Betty had suggested she sit in the living room where she could be more comfortable.

"Margaretta and I were philosophizing about the joys of motherhood," Jane said to the group.

As though on cue, several of the women began talking at once about their experiences and Margaretta didn't know whether to be apprehensive or at ease from the things they related.

She became aware that several of the women had quietly slipped away from the group and gone into the dining room. The feeling that they did not like her welled inside her again and she had a desperate desire to go home.

Then she overheard Betty saying to Jane, "You tell me what to do. I've tried every type of window cleaner imaginable and the hard water from the sprinkler still leaves spots on that front window."

Margaretta listened to the discussion about window cleaning, wondering if she should offer her solution, but afraid to intrude.

Jane, nodding in agreement with Betty's problem, said, "We have the same trouble, then. I can't find a window cleaner that doesn't streak some either. I suppose in soft water areas they all remove spots from the windows, but this hard water is impossible. I've got so I hate to sprinkle the flower beds for fear some water will splash on the windows and give me trouble at the next cleaning."

Suddenly Margaretta said, "If I could suggest something." She hesitated, feeling shy and uncomfortable. She had never before volunteered a thing during the conversations of the women. She wished she had not spoken now, because they were all looking at her, waiting for her to continue, probably thinking her strange.

"It's just that," she hesitated again, "I use the method we use in Brazil. Not fancy, but it works, and. . . ."

"I've noticed that your windows are always sparkling." Jane was encouraging her to speak.

"Well, we use plain water with a few teaspoons of vinegar in it, and then instead of cloths, newspapers."

"Newspapers?" Several of the women spoke at once.

"Yes, newspapers. I don't know the theory, but it works. It's so easy." She could have bitten her tongue over the last words. No need to sound smug about something so simple. Was it possible the women were looking at her differently, with genuine interest, and — was it friendliness? Was it? She wondered momentarily if they were her friends, after all. Had they been waiting for her to make a move? Had she been wrong about them?

"COME on," Betty said. "Dessert's on." She motioned toward Margaretta. "You first."

Margaretta hung back, shy. "Someone else. I don't like to go first."

"I'll go with you to the slaughter," Jane said laughingly. She took Margaretta's arm and propelled her to the dining room.

"Surprise!" everyone chorused as she reached the door. Before her was a beautifully set table. In the center was a small parasol covered

with white tissue paper from which streamed blue and pink ribbons and beneath it were heaped delicately wrapped packages.

"Surprise!" everyone said again. The men had moved in from the living room and they all took places at the table. Bob sat beside Margaretta.

She felt tense. Tears crowded to her eyes. She bit her lip and looked down at her plate. Embarrassment overwhelmed her as she realized that the women had left the kitchen not because of their dislike of her as she had imagined, but because they were busy preparing the shower for her.

She felt Bob's strong hand on her arm under the table. "They're looking at you, honey. Say something."

She looked up, first at Bob, and then slowly around the table at each one. "I don't know how to say it," she said, a catch in her voice. And then, without thinking, the words slipped out, words which came more easily for her than the language which she had adopted two short years before. "*Muito obrigada, muito obrigada.* You give me — how do you say it?" She turned toward Bob. "*Muita felicidade.*"

He smiled at her and tightened his grip on her arm. Looking toward the rest, he said, "The fellows understand; most of you wives don't. She said. . . ."

Jane interrupted. "Of course, we understand. Not necessarily the words but the look and the tone of voice. We know. No one could say 'thank you' more eloquently. But, come on everyone, let's eat. We've package unwrapping to take care of, and tomorrow is another plowing day."

Throughout the festivities, Margaretta's thoughts skipped from her earlier melancholy to wishing her family could be with her to enjoy the happiness she felt. Suddenly she realized that she was truly happy, not because of the lovely gifts she was receiving, but because these were her friends. They had been trying to be friendly all along, she realized, as she thought back on the times that Jane had gone out of her way to speak to her, that Betty had invited her and Bob over, and that the others, too, had been more than kind. But in feeling herself a stranger she had not given them the benefit of the doubt.

Under cover of the gay talk about the table she said to Bob, "Could we invite the families to a *churrasco* next Saturday?" She saw his surprised expression and hastened to explain, "We could use some of the beef in the locker, couldn't we?"

His face broke into a wide grin. "Of course," he said. "It would be great."

IT was late when they carried their load of gifts to the car, calling back as they went, "Be sure to come early Saturday for the barbecue."

The sky was alive with stars and the moon shone upon neatly plowed fields, mile after mile of them, as the car skimmed along the road.

"It's beautiful," she said, looking out the car window.

"I didn't think you thought so," Bob said. "You've been so homesick, I wondered if you would ever like it here." His voice sounded tender but sad.

"You've known, then." She stated the fact quietly.

"Of course," he answered. "It

shows. You couldn't hide it from me, and I doubt that you've hidden it from the others."

She sat for several minutes without speaking, the hurt which she had caused others paining her much more than had the homesickness. In the distance she could see a faint glow, the light from the living room lamp which they always left on when they went out. It was home, her home, hers and Bob's. His friends were her friends, but it was up to her to meet them halfway. That she had not done. She had been wrong, living physically in Wyoming and spiritually in Brazil. She knew that now.

They drew closer to the light and its glow shone more brightly. "Bob," she said, "I'm sorry. I've been foolish and selfish."

He reached out and rested his calloused hand on the nape of her neck. "Not foolish, honey. Not selfish. Many of us missionaries were homesick the same way when we went to Brazil. Until we decided that underneath your customs and different way of doing things you were all very much like us, with the same desires, hopes, frustrations. . . ."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"I couldn't have told you. It's something each of us finds out for himself."

"Bob, Bob," she said, shaking her head, trying to rid herself of the thoughts she had had just that afternoon. "Bob, don't let me forget it."

"I don't believe you will," he said. He stopped the car and went around to her side to help her out. "You go on in. I'll bring the gifts."

She walked into the living room and not only saw the glow of the light but also felt its warmth.

Spring Day

Christie Lund Coles

The world is moving toward the sun,
A lengthening shadow lingers
Upon the hillside, on the lawn,
And traces with slim fingers

The fragile, moving willow tree
So near to early leafing;
While small birds carol forth a hope
Beyond the winter's grieving.

The world is moving toward the sun,
Its brief, bright promise proving
In candle-gold forsythias,
And God has willed its moving.

Ward Linton

"I'm Sorry for Your Flowers"

Iris W. Schow

"I'M right sorry for your flowers, Beth!" Those words had often nettled Beth Akers a little, when she had first come to live next door to Sister Loomis, though they were the prelude to timely advice, kindly intended. They had meant that her gladioli needed digging and storing, or her nasturtiums had been planted too deep, or her peonies needed dividing and resetting, or her evergreens had red spiders. Beth had soon found that, though the often-repeated remark might annoy her a little, the advice was invariably correct. She was sensible enough to learn from the elderly expert, whose knowledge had been gained through a lifetime spent in the school of experience.

Now the thought of her gladioli, boxed and waiting to be set out, flashed through Beth's mind, as she folded Saturday's and Sunday's newspapers into two neat piles and laid them ready for Ivor to read after church. The remembered words, "I'm sorry for your flowers," held only nostalgia for Beth, because Sister Loomis would never say them to her again. Sister Loomis was dead and gone, as Cleo, the Akers' youngest daughter, had said in that whimsical little poem she had been working on for her college English class, last week when she was home for Easter. How did it go? Beth thought, as she proceeded mechanically to collect her hat, handbag, gloves, and *Gospel Essentials* class textbook, and lay them on the bed, ready to seize the moment Ivor drove down from Priesthood meeting to take her to Sunday School.

Sister Loomis is dead and gone,
Who loved the corner her house stood on
So inordinately
That sometimes we
Used to say facetiously,
"If that house isn't haunted, it goes to show
That no one is ever allowed to go
Around haunting houses. . . ."

Maybe Cleo shouldn't say quite so much facetiously, but since it was only to be used as an English assignment in a college class a hundred miles away, Beth guessed it was all right. Anyway, Sister Loomis would feel like haunting her house, if she could see how the numerous Wilsons darted around it, or observe the second Wilson boy, Randy, plunging this minute through the opening she and Beth had always kept in the bridal wreath hedge so they could take a short cut between their two houses. She would have to get Ivor to plant a sturdy bush in that gap, she thought, as she glanced at the clock and discovered that it was time to get ready for Sunday School. She must have a bath and do up her long hair, in which the gray locks were beginning to predominate over the brown.

WHILE preparing for Sunday School, Beth allowed herself to relive the blossoming of her friendship with Sister Loomis. At first, she had been disappointed to find that her neighbor on the corner was an elderly widow, while on the other side lived a couple whose only children were twin boys, almost grown. No one for her tots to play with in the back yards. No one to talk with about her sewing, or to go to P T A with when Ivor could not go with her.

Then she had started to plan and plant her flower beds. "I'm sorry for your evergreens," Sister Loomis would say, stepping through the newly set out bridal wreath hedge. "They like elbow room, and you aren't giving them much. They will end up scraping the paint right off your house."

Or, "I'm sorry for your dahlias, Beth. They love sunshine, and you're setting them right where it will always be shady."

There had been moments, too, when Sister Loomis was generous with things other than advice. "Here's a start of my iris, Beth. It's from the start my son brought back from his mission. It came from the cemetery at Winter Quarters. Now it should grow fine, if you set it right here."

Or, "Come and taste my red currant jelly, Beth. I've made some corn meal muffins. We should have some kind of refreshment break occasionally."

Beth had expected her sons to dash to the post office or grocery store for the older woman. They were proud of what they had done for Sister Loomis, after Beth had urged them into doing it. They liked, now, to have their wives told that they had been the kind of boys who helped old ladies.

There had been sad, agonizing times, though, with the phone shrilling out in the night, and the aging voice, made harsh with pain, "Beth, I've got a terrible gallstone colic. Can you come over and be with me? Beth, I'm. . . ."

Of course Beth could. Through the gap in the hedge she would go, while Ivor watched at the window a bit protestingly, and then went back to bed.

Applying the electric pad and hot water bottle, praying with Sister Loomis, resting on the dining room couch at last, just before morning, Beth had come to love and need the older woman, as one comes to love and need those one serves. And when Sister Loomis finally consent-

ed to have an operation, Beth had been in and out of the house on the corner, first in anxiety, finally with gratitude.

She remembered other phone calls. "Come over, Beth. I've learned the best sherbet. It's all fruit. It could never hurt the touchiest liver." Happy years, until Sister Loomis was really very old. "This old age business, Beth," she would say with a chuckle.

NOW, with Sister Loomis gone, Beth had found time to sense that all of the original neighbors had either moved away or died, until she and Ivor, who had been the youngest couple for so long, were the very oldest. All the newcomers were extremely busy and bustling. They did not need Beth or even seem to have time to notice that she was there.

The change on the corner was the most noticeable of all, with four youngsters often playing dolls in the little grape arbor that Sister Loomis had always cherished with an almost comical zeal, and Randy sometimes even walking his bike through the gap in the hedge.

Beth had coiled her long hair neatly and was just beginning to conceal hairpins deftly in its soft waves, when she became conscious of a yapping on the corner. She half remembered a vague sense of hearing the same sound in the night. Not a puppy! She would just step over and part the bedroom curtains to see. Oh, but it was, and an Airdale, at that! Beth had always suffered from an unreasonable fear of dogs, especially Airdales. They were so disturbingly active! She looked on in mounting dismay, as Rick, the five-year-old Wilson, all dressed for Sunday School, held out his arms to the puppy, calling, "Here, Prince! Here, Prince!" The unco-operative puppy gamboled merrily off in the opposite direction. Scampering after him, Rick scooped him up. The puppy promptly began pawing Rick's best clothes, while Cherry Ann, though only three, called out urgently, "He'll dirty your Sunday School coat!"

Beth's colorful shag rugs from the bedrooms were still on the lines, she suddenly remembered. She had washed them yesterday and left them hanging out to dry overnight. Anything hanging on a clothesline was always so much bait for an untrained puppy. Besides, she did hate to see things hanging on a clothesline on Sunday.

Could she just step quietly out and snatch them in now without attracting "Prince" to snag her best nylons? If Rick would only keep holding him for a few moments. Buttoning her housecoat clear down, Beth went out through the back porch and sped quietly to the clotheslines. She could feel a short end from her coil of hair switching about, but it was no time to worry about that. She was reaching for the last rug, when Mrs. Wilson's voice came from a back window, "Put Prince down, Rick! Right now, Rick!"

The yapping began again as Beth snatched the last rug and started for the house. Remembering her father's long-ago coaching, "Never run from a dog," she walked, anything but calmly, toward the porch.

IN spite of her prudence, the puppy observed her. Through the

hedge he frisked. He snatched at the ends of the rugs dangling from her left arm. Forgetting all rules, Beth stamped her foot at him. She shooed at him with the last-grabbed rug, which was still clutched in her right hand. A wild dash brought her to the screen door. She snatched it so violently that the hook flipped up and descended into the loop, all in one second.

Locked out of her own house, Beth shooed with the rug again. The puppy had become a leaping bundle of active muscles. Both children were scampering through the hedge, shouting, "Here, Prince," and, "Here, boy," in a confusing medley.

Then Prince was scooped up for a second opportunity to paw little Rick's best coat. Erma Wilson emerged through the hedge, completing the zipping up of her pink duster, and calling, "Rick, take that puppy to Cathy and tell her to shut him in the basement. Then tell her to brush and straighten your coat for you."

"Sister Akers," Erma went on compassionately, "you're deathly white. Sit down on the step, and I'll get you a glass of water."

As Erma reached for the screen door, Beth said shakily, "It's hooked. The hook flipped on when I tried to hurry."

Beth could not help laughing at the ridiculousness of being so afraid of a little puppy that a child of five could almost manage. "I'll go around to the front door, Sister Wilson," she said, starting around the house. Then, noticing the concern in Erma Wilson's blue eyes, she added, "I'm all right. I don't have heart trouble or anything. I just got panicky when I couldn't get in. It's silly to be so afraid of a little dog."

"Oh, everyone's afraid of something," said Erma, accompanying her. "Don't ever show me any pretty beetles you catch. They make me shudder all over."

The front door was still locked. Ivor had not released it when he picked up the morning paper, and he had left through the back door.

"I'll get in when my husband comes for me. He carries a key," Beth stated. "You'd better go finish getting ready for Sunday School. Time's passing by."

"But then you won't be ready," protested Erma.

"We can miss Sunday School, if we have to, and get there in time for fast meeting," said Beth. "I must be a comical sight, with this misplaced pony-tail on the side of my head." She attempted to put her hair back into a coil with the few hairpins remaining on her head.

"Now, you run along," she urged.

"But it's Prince's fault," Erma protested.

"It's my fault for being such a scare baby," said Beth.

WHILE they returned mechanically to the back screen door, they were joined by Erma's five youngsters, who followed along as interested spectators.

"Cathy could go down to the church on the bike after the key," mused Erma, "but I'd hate to disturb Brother Akers in Priesthood meeting. He'd think something serious had happened, and so would everyone else. Besides, Priesthood meeting would be almost over before she could get back."

"Maybe if you pulled the door just the same way you did when the hook flew on, it would fly off," suggested Cathy.

Beth tried it. But maybe she could not pull just the same way with the door hooked, or maybe she needed stimulation from Prince, to do it just the same way. At least, the hook did not yield.

"It's a very good hook," remarked Rick.

"It's a very bad hook," said Cherry Ann.

ERMA tried giving the screen door a quick jerk. Cathy, Nedra, and Sue each tried it. The hook did not yield.

"I could push an ice pick through the screen wire and flip it off," said Erma, "but that would leave a hole big enough for insects to get through."

"Maybe one of us could get in through a window," suggested Sue.

"I keep the screens hooked," said Beth. "Still, I did wash windows yesterday, and I might have forgotten to hook one. Really, Sister Wilson, those who aren't ready for Sunday School had better go home. The rest could come along and watch me try the screens. That would help them stay ready for Sunday School."

But the whole group persisted in following along. Not one screen budged until they reached the rather high window of the bathroom. That screen swung out easily. Raising the window was another matter.

"I don't believe it's locked, though," speculated Erma. "Cathy, you get the littlest stepladder. Nedra, get Danny's thinnest screwdriver. Sue, bring that wooden box of Randy's from the basement. And don't let Prince out. Rick, you stay right here! I believe I can get the screwdriver under, and raise it just a little, then get it up and get in."

"It's awkward inside," said Beth. "The bathtub is right under the window, and that short window doesn't open very wide. I don't know whether one of us could get in through it. And I don't know whether one should try to get in head first or feet first. It's so high, it will be hard to crawl into."

By this time the girls were back. Erma's efforts moved the window a little. Then Beth held the screwdriver in place while Erma and Cathy got their fingers under and lifted the sash. The opening was not wide, however.

"Now, Cathy, you take Sue home and see that both of you are ready," directed Erma. "The rest of you may stay here and watch."

"Oh, Mommie," protested Sue, but she followed Cathy docilely enough.

It was apparent that only a small child could be wedged through the narrow opening.

"Here, Rick, let's take off your coat," said Erma. "Sister Akers, can you stand on the box and reach to hold the window open?"

"I can hold his Sunday School coat for him," volunteered Cherry Ann.

"You'd better turn him on his stomach and put his feet in first," suggested Beth.

"That's right," said Erma.

STANDING on the ladder, she put Rick's feet through the window, and held onto him while he wriggled his pudgy body through the small opening.

"Hold onto his armpit with one hand, Sister Akers. Nedra, you reach up and hold his hands until I can get to hold him by them," directed Erma.

What a struggle! How glad Beth was that the window had just been washed, and the sill was not all dusty against everyone's clean skin and good clothes!

While Erma slowly lowered Rick, Beth thought, I'll never forget those half-frightened round eyes of his. But neither would she ever forget his warm, triumphant smile when his feet found footing in the tub. "Now, when you climb out, just go to the front door and open it, and we'll all be on the front porch," she said.

Everything seemed right to Beth, as they let down the window, and all trooped around the house. These were wonderful neighbors. She had just been resisting change and the passage of time. Why, she was the Sister Loomis of this neighborhood, now! And Erma Wilson was stepping into her old place. New faces appeared in the different roles, and the patterns changed a bit, but the same wholesome dramas in the little neighborhood were reenacted. Beth had been like the little girls who all want to play they're the mother. But you can't have the part of the mother all of the time, sometime you must take your turn at being the little old lady, Beth decided.

As if reading her thoughts, Erma said, "Sister Akers, I know how you must miss Sister Loomis. I've been told what friends you were to each other. I guess we sometimes seem like a tribe of aborigines, overrunning her neat little corner." She laid her hand on Beth's arm. "But we'll try to be good neighbors. Enjoy us. We're a lot of fun."

"I know," said Beth softly.

Her door was thrown open, and Rick almost duplicated his former triumphant grin.

"There's our fast offering boy, starting at the other end of the block," said Erma. "You sit here on Sister Akers' porch, Nedra, and tell him both families will have to pay our fast offerings at church today. Tell him we're all just about late for Sunday School, and we have to finish getting ready."

Yes, Erma Wilson is just like I was, thought Beth. Well, if I'm the Sister Loomis of this neighborhood, so be it.

Erma's chrysanthemums did need dividing and resetting. As the Wilsons began to leave, Beth drew herself up. "When there's time, I'll have to talk to you," she said, summoning what she hoped was her friendliest tone of voice. "I'm right sorry for your chrysanthemums, Erma!"

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, March 1, and March 15, 1901

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

A CHILD OF NATURE: A child of nature! . . . The new-born babe is the fairest, sweetest flower of Paradise, and when the mother clasps it to her breast it is the supreme moment of her existence. No other earthly joy can possibly compare with the ecstacy of motherhood. . . . We behold the child! Who is it? What is it? It is curiously and wonderfully made; it surpasses our understanding. There are no words to convey the idea of the mother-love. It is God's child still, and it is its mother's; the spirit of the Eternal animates it, and it is endowed from on high with understanding in embryo; it smiles, it cries, it opens its eyes upon the new world into which it has come, and, perchance, it wonders why — we none of us know, not even the mother who has borne it, and who claims it by a sort of divine right. . . . But Joseph Smith, the prophet of this dispensation, has told us that we consented to come, to leave the glorious mansions on high and take upon us mortality. . . .

The beauty of the little babe bespoke
The harmonies which to the soul belong,
And all the higher, finer senses woke
To the divinest melody of song. . . .
—Mrs. E. B. Wells

WOMAN WEATHER FORECASTER: Mrs. L. H. Greenwald, of York, Pa., is said to be the only woman weather forecaster in the country. She has been employed by the government in that capacity for twelve years, and has been commended for exceptional accuracy, and is an acknowledged authority on climatology and meteorology. Mrs. Greenwald is also president of a woman's organization interested in scientific research — The National Science Club.

—News Note

RELIEF SOCIETY IN THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS: Sister Alice Woolley said, "Through the mercies of our Heavenly Father we meet again in our conference to be fed the bread of life. . . . We meet together to encourage one another and to listen to the instructions that will be given us. We are a blessed people in being privileged to live on the earth in these last days . . . and the greatest of these blessings is the privilege we have of embracing the gospel of Jesus Christ. . . .

—Elizabeth Williams, Cor. Sec.

THE INTERNATIONAL PEACE COMMISSION: By request of Mrs. May Wright Sewall, who represents the United States on the International Peace Commission of women, it is expected the women of Utah will arrange for meetings on Peace and Arbitration on Saturday, May 18. Certainly our sisters throughout the state are in favor of creating a sentiment for peace. . . .

—Editorial Notes

ZION'S MIGHTY KING

O, solemn thought, the Savior's slain!
But here we'll testify of Him,
Till He shall come to earth again,
To reign as Zion's Mighty King.
—Lydia D. Alder

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

DR. JANET TRAVELL has been appointed personal physician to President John F. Kennedy, the first woman in history to occupy that post and the first nonmilitary physician to hold it since 1885. Dr. Travell is fifty-nine and has long specialized in sources of pain, particularly those caused by muscular spasms. She has two talented daughters, one an artist and one an opera singer, and is a grandmother.

MARGO WALTERS, eighteen-year-old skier from Sandy, Utah, in the Sun Valley open slalom, tied Linda Meyers, a member of the United States Olympic squad last year. In the giant slalom she finished only one second behind Anne Heggtveit, the Olympic slalom champion from Canada. She is expected to be the next United States star in international skiing competition.

TOYOKO YAMAZAKI, daughter of a kobu (seaweed) merchant, is one of Japan's most prominent writers. Her novel *Noren*, in 1957, won the annual Naoki literary award for the best novel by a promising young writer, and was followed in rapid succession by four other novels. Her journalistic experience has included three years on the staff of one of Japan's foremost newspapers, the *Mainichi* of Osaka.

ELIZABETH RUDEL SMITH, formerly Democratic National Committee Woman from California, is the new United States Treasurer.

ESTHER (Mrs. Oliver) PETERSON, born in Provo, Utah, to a pioneer Latter-day-Saint family, is the new director of the Women's Bureau of the Department of Labor in Washington, D.C. Mother of four grown children, she feels primarily concerned with the problems of the eight million working mothers with children under eighteen years of age.

DR. MARJORIE HYER GARDNER, a Latter-day Saint, has been named a staff member of the National Science Teachers Association of the Education Association in Washington, D. C. Residing in the capital with her husband, Dr. Paul Gardner, and their two daughters, she will co-ordinate the writing and direct the publication of a series of books on specific areas of science such as physiology, biochemistry, and oceanography.

PRINCESS ASTRID of Norway married commoner Johan Martin Ferner in January. Her sister also married a commoner; thus both have lost their rights of succession to the throne.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 48 APRIL 1961 NO. 4

"All Things Shall Be Restored"

Wherefore, may God raise you from death by the power of the resurrection, and into the eternal kingdom of God . . . (2 Nephi 10:25).

THE return of the spring season brings the realization that grass will be green again, after the covering of snow, that branches once gray and barren, will become radiant with blossoms. And everlasting truth is made apparent to those who have faith in the scriptures, in the promises of the prophets, and in the living words of the Savior. Eternal truth is made manifest, as in olden time, when Job rejoiced in the promise of the resurrection, "For I know that my redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though . . . worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God."

These words have comforted the generations, and many have said in their hearts, "Knowest thou not this of old," that an eternal pattern has been given to the inheritors of earth, and that their days of mortal life are only one phase of the existence of the immortal soul. It is natural and in harmony with our everlasting life that we should love our earth home, and that we should express gratitude for mountain and sea, for the desert and for the meadow, for we have the promise that the earth itself will be renewed when Jesus, the Lord of this world, comes to reign personally. We know that "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him shall not perish. . . ."

Yet, even to those of great faith, and to those partakers of the everlasting promises, the death of loved ones brings an all-pervading loneliness and a desolation of the soul, and there will ever be, in times of separation, those like Rachel of old, weeping for her children, and will not be comforted until after the length of days when healing may be accomplished.

It is for the healing of such sadness that our promised destinies must be remembered, and the great blessings of our eternal home must be considered. Such faith is found expressed by many people in various circumstances. Words of comfort and encouragement may be heard from the lips of children, from those young in years, and from men and women in the seasoned wisdom of age. The learned may speak words of compassion, and humble people, from the surety of their beliefs, may speak with the eloquence of sincerity.

A woman whose small son died during the pioneer journey across the desolate plains could still express gratitude to her Heavenly Father for the precious years of companionship the boy had given her, and for

the privilege of hearing the precious word "Mother" spoken by her loved one. And in that time of grief, the husband comforted his wife by saying, "It is true that he will not return to us, but most assuredly we shall go to him."

A widow was able to accept the passing of her husband with a measure of reconciliation when she voiced her thankfulness that a good man had been given her as a companion for many years, and she knew that, through their covenants, there would be a joyful reunion for eternity. A young child left motherless found comfort in trying to do those things which the mother had taught as being worthy of a child of promise. In a small town during a funeral service a bishop stood with the Bible open before him and read from John 14:18: "I will not leave you comfortless, I will come to you."

How blessed are we in our heritage of faith, for we accepted with rejoicing the gift of earth life, and we have been given knowledge of the responsibilities and the rewards of this part of our progression. We have been given unmeasurable resources of spirit. The Savior's words still stand through the years and forever: "I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also. And whither I go, ye know, and the way ye know" (John 14:3-4).

—V. P. C.

Marie Curtis Richards Released From the General Board

IT is with regret that the General Board of Relief Society announces the retirement of Marie Curtis Richards from the General Board as of February 15, 1961. This release has been occasioned by the call of Sister Richards to accompany her husband, M. Ross Richards, who has been named as President of the Gulf States Mission. Sister Richards had only recently returned from presiding over the Relief Society of the East Central States Mission for five years when she was called to the General Board on June 1, 1960.

Sister Richards brought to the General Board an understanding of Relief Society work as it is carried on in the missions and has used this knowledge, combined with her rich personal endowments, in forwarding the work of the General Board. She has served on the literature committee, special committees, and participated in stake conventions and at a General Relief Society Conference during her service.

Her cheerfulness and the energy and devotion she gives to any call are attributes which have endeared her to the members of the General Board. She leaves with their love and prayers as she undertakes her responsible new assignment. As she presides over the sisters of her mission, she will bring to them an awareness of the inestimable values and blessings which will come to them in individual development and through the giving of service and the saving of souls through Relief Society.

National Library Week

April 16-22

APRIL 16-22 is National Library Week. The purpose is to encourage a greater interest in reading, in harmony with the slogan: "For a Richer — Fuller Life — Read!" Homes, schools, and public libraries are urged to emphasize the important and far-reaching educational advantages which may be obtained through the reading and studying of well-selected books. A special appeal should be made to children who are in the habit-forming stage, so that good books may become their lasting companions throughout life, that they may be better read, better informed, and therefore more able to become useful, participating members of their communities. At home, and wherever we go away from home, books may be taken with us, to open wide the doors of knowledge and increase our understanding of people, places, events, and the great and ennobling thoughts which have enriched the generations and may enrich our lives and times. Relief Society, particularly, by means of the literature lessons, fosters appreciation for literature, the building of home libraries, and developing in children an appreciation for the companionship and value of good books.

Notes TO THE FIELD

Lesson Previews to Appear in the June Issue of The Relief Society Magazine

THE previews for the 1961-62 lessons will appear in the June issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*, and the lessons for October will be in the July 1961 issue. In order to obtain the June issue of the *Magazine*, it will be necessary for renewals and new subscriptions to reach the general offices by the first of May 1961. It is suggested that *Magazine* representatives check their lists immediately so that all Relief Society members will receive all of the issues containing the lessons. Ward presidents, also, should make this announcement in the April meetings.

Cancer Is Everybody's Business

Wallace W. Tudor, Chairman, 1961 National Crusade

IN April, proclaimed by Congress as Cancer Control Month, the American Cancer Society will launch its 1961 Educational and Fund-raising Crusade. Two million volunteers are working in the three phases of the Society's program — Research, Education, and Service. These crusaders are from all walks of life — doctors, housewives, teachers, businessmen, Industrialists, Government officials, labor and religious leaders — all lending their diversified and proven abilities to the great fight against cancer.

You might ask, "What concern is cancer to me?" Looking into the facts soon brings to light that cancer is an indiscriminate killer that might strike any one of us . . . that will, indeed, at some time strike one in four of us. This means that the staggering total of forty-five million Americans, now living, will eventually develop the disease, if the present rate continues.

When we realize that there is no way of knowing whom cancer will strike, one fact becomes crystal clear. The fight against cancer is not a fight by the few. It is everybody's fight. We are all involved. We must fight with all the energy and time we can command.

How can we fight cancer? As individuals our best defense is an annual health checkup, learning Cancer's Seven Danger Signals, and acting at once if any of the symptoms should appear. We can volunteer to spread the Society's life-saving information and help to prevent needless suffering and death. We can volunteer in the many other facets of the Society's broad program.

We can "Fight Cancer With a Checkup and a Check." The health checkup will provide the earliest possible detection. The check will help hasten the day when research finds the final cause for cancer.

Think what it would mean to you, to your loved ones, to all mankind when the menace of cancer is removed once and for all!

Almond Blossoms

Annie Atkin Tanner

Pink as shells thrown by rebellious waves
On white and pebbled sands,
Perfumed as spices from far eastern lands;
Graceful as birds, singing as they fly,
Then disappear in a sea-gull speckled sky,

Fragile as blown-glass rainbows,
Soft as soothing winds of May,
Precious as memories that come
Of home and friends of another day.

The Locust Tree Shall Bloom Again

Pauline L. Jensen

THE locust tree meant many things. To Mama it was a reminder of her childhood home in the sleepy, gentle Southern town where she had played beneath the boughs of another locust tree, which, too, had spread its protective arms above the kitchen roof. When Mama had come to the prairies as a bride, the lonely stretches of the land, bereft of friendly trees, had filled her with a poignant loneliness.

Then, on one of her infrequent trips back to her old home, Mama had, on her return, brought a locust sapling. She had planted it within reach of the kitchen stoop, tended it with loving care, and it had returned that care by growing straight and strong, and lifting up its boughs as though to thwart the molten sun and bitter winds that blew across the prairies. And Mama, unaccustomed to this harsh, demanding land, felt, in the locust tree, a link between the old life and the new one.

To Papa, the tree was a source of comfort, for he could sit within its shade when he returned from work and see the prairie sights and hear the prairie sounds he loved. At noon it gave him cooling shelter. At night the wind that blew unceasingly was tempered by the boughs into a gentle breeze.

To the children, the tree meant a dedicated place of play. Here they had their swing and hammock, and here they built their cities in the sand, and made mud pies. And here their collie burrowed close against the house and watched them at their play. And every year a pair of robins nested in the leafy branches of the tree and fretted at the children down below.

And still the locust tree had yet another meaning, a deeper one by far. For it was a harbinger of spring, both of the land and of the spirit. For with the blooming of the tree, the meadow larks were heard to sing, and fields of winter wheat began to green. And long before the blooming, Mama watched with eager eyes for signs of the tree's awakening. When it came, she would say with lilting voice, "Our Father is good. He has wrought another spring, and now the locust tree will bloom again."

Then one day in late winter, death stalked the small community, and Mama's firstborn son, young and handsome, was taken from her. Mama's heart was frozen, and her face wore a still and quiet look. She did not cry, but neither did she smile. She brushed aside the clumsy efforts Papa made to comfort her, and walked the days as though alone, uncaring.

That spring the locust tree bloomed gloriously, but Mama did not notice. The children gathered handfuls of the fragrant blossoms and brought them to her, but she only stared at them in silence. All through the summer the children brought her offerings; the newest kittens, which she stroked mechanically, but did not cuddle as had been her wont. And when, in fall, they gathered armloads of the prairie goldenrod, she only turned unseeing eyes upon it.

WHEN winter settled down upon the land, Mama did not read aloud to the children the Bible stories that they loved. When they asked for them, she turned a bitter look upon them, and shook her head. And it was Papa, now, who heard the prayers at night, instead of Mama. Mama's face was set and cold, her thoughts remote, withdrawn.

Then spring once more cast its spell upon the land. There came an April evening of mauve and gold skies, and undulating green across the prairie floor. The children played beneath the tree, and Papa rested on the kitchen stoop. They all looked up in surprise as Mama stepped outside. In her hands she held the worn and much-used Bible she had brought with her as a bride. Her hands caressed it lovingly. Her eyes were red from weeping, and her face, though still, had a different look; a washed and tranquil look, just like the earth after a quick and cleansing storm.

She paused and looked around her, as if she saw all for the first time after a long absence. Papa stared at her, and in his eyes a light began to glow. He reached out for her hand, and took it tenderly. She smiled at him and took a deep breath of the fresh, clean air. Then she raised her face unto the locust tree and spoke in wondering tones, "Our Father is good! He has wrought another spring, and now the locust tree will bloom again."

Mountain Springtime

Rowena Jensen Bills

I could not wait for sun-filled days
To take my mountain climb,
For April spoke of greening glades
And blossoming columbine.
I did not pause by frozen streams,
But hurried forth to high,
Unsheltered, weathered, small plateaus
Beneath a warming sky —
And there was glorious mountain gold,
Its roots buried in half-frozen soil,
Erect and sturdy as a planted flower
Emerging from a gardener's toil;
The sego lily and yellow bell,
Indian paintbrush and phlox,
Growing in colorful profusion
Among the timeworn rocks.

"Hath the Rain a Father?"

LaVerda Bullock White

"HATH the rain a father? or who hath begotten the drops of dew?" (Job 38:28) The rain has, I am sure, a father — the same father as the sunlight, the firefly, the lush vegetation of our good earth, the cool summer's breeze, and the coo of the turtle dove. Just as each of these is created by our Heavenly Father, so is the rain his creation. Perhaps this is why it has always evoked such lofty emotions in my breast.

To me it is inconceivable that anyone could dislike the rain.

A rainy spring morning defies description of its beauty. The birds, chirping their gratitude for worms uncovered by the moisture, define my exuberant appreciation more clearly than I am able. Just to lie in bed and listen to the gentle rhythm of rain on the roof or against the window panes is an interval to be treasured. Here is opportunity for meditation, for reflection, for evaluation of goals, for the solution of problems. As the life's blood of the earth descends, sleeping vegetation springs to life, giving new impetus to our half-sleeping spirits.

I write as a Kentuckian who has seen the exquisite majesty of blue-grass-covered meadows, clear, rippling streams, and verdant, rolling hills — all brought about by the lovely rain. Whether it falls gently and steadily for hours, or fiercely and sporadically for moments, matters little to me. The rain has never found a way to displease such an ardent fan as I.

In the summer, when the lawns are parched and the heat and humidity are so intense as to be almost unbearable, one can feel a divine blessing in the cooling, rejuvenating rain. It always brings a personal message to me from my Heavenly Father— a message of love and care and peace.

These are but a few of the reasons why I like the rain. Considering just these and no others, however, is it possible that anyone can look on this manna from heaven as a necessary evil to be endured but not endeared? If such a one exists, try this experiment. Put on a raincoat, take an umbrella, and walk in a gentle summer rain. As the birds hop around in glee, and the flowers nod their thirsty heads in gratitude, can you honestly claim that neither joy nor thanksgiving abounds in your breast as well?

The Ogre on Alden Street

Barbara Williams

AT the foot of the iron railinged steps of 116 Alden Street, where an old cardboard sign in the window said "Piano Instruction," Randolph hesitated for just a minute, shifted Hanon and Schmitt and Bach and "Favorite Piano Selections" from under his left arm to his right, and sighed. Before every gas chamber or electric chair or gallows or whatever it was — along every "last mile" — there was probably a place where every condemned man hesitated and sighed. But if he had any fight left in him, he likely kicked his rebellion as Randolph now kicked the lowest rise of 116 Alden Street.

The toes of Randolph's brown Oxfords indicated many and hard-fought rebellions, but none had waged so bitterly as the one over old Salt-and-Pepper. Nearly two years it had waged. Nearly two years ago he had first called upon Miss Lucy Pepper and learned that the tips of his fingers were birds and must sail down to hit the keys squarely. But Randolph was not one to judge unfairly or in haste. It was not until the second lesson he had decided that Miss Lucy Pepper was a female ogre whose life was dedicated to the torture of boys generally and Randolph particularly, with smiles — always smiles — and that sissy stuff about birds sailing down squarely on the tips.

Yet last week there had been something heartening in Mom's, "Now, Randolph, I don't want to discuss that again until summer." Usually Mom ignored him — it was impossible to argue with someone who wouldn't argue back — but last week she had heard him and even answered when he asked for the umpty-millionth time if he couldn't pul-ease switch to Mr. Jordan.

Randolph's Dad, if he were alive, would have understood about Mr. Jordan. "Why do you want to change teachers?" his Dad would have asked, the way he'd say it to a grownup, because he wanted to know the answer. "Why do you want to learn popular, anyway? Want to play for the high school dances?" His Dad had always known what he was thinking before he did, almost.

Randolph kicked the step again and looked at his watch. Eleven minutes after ten. Fifteen minutes late was all he dared, but to go in only eleven minutes late was not only defeatist, but unnecessary. He sat on his music — it had been raining — and untied and then tied first his left shoelace and then his right. That took forty-five seconds. For another thirty he just sat. Then he stood up, picked up his music, and with his free hand grasped the railing and pulled himself up the first step. There he stopped and looked down over the railing to a scraggly gray alley cat at the side of the porch. Randolph worked up some spittle and with bomb-sight precision dropped it on the enemy. Bull's-eye! What if he could spit fire like the dragons in King Arthur! Or how would it be to spit poison? You could sure win a fight if you could spit poison!

"Hello, Randolph." Old Salt-and-Pepper was standing in the open doorway with a blue shawl over her shoulders. "Let's go in, shall we?"

IT was real dungeony inside — dark, dreary, and cold. Randolph started to remove his coat, but Miss Pepper put her hand on his shoulder. "Maybe you better leave it on. It's cold in here today."

"I'm not cold," said Randolph, jerking quickly to one side.

She smiled. "My, you're such a big boy."

Such a big boy, she said. Talking to him like a kindergartner or something. Well, he would fix her. "I'm going to junior high next fall," he said, hanging up his coat.

"Tut, tut," she clucked, smiling.

The old hen! She thought anyone who didn't go around with a cane still believed in Santa Claus, probably. Randolph walked to the adjustable stool and twirled it, tried it, and twirled it again. Miss Pepper was going through his music.

"Why, Randolph, where's 'Playtime'?"

Although the principle behind "Playtime" was pretty hard—transposing the piece into other keys — Randolph didn't like the kids to see him carrying that sissy book with all those dopey songs. Besides, it was a kind of active defiance against old Salt-and-Pepper to leave "Playtime" home every once in awhile.

"Let's be more careful about 'Playtime,' Randolph," she said, with a smile.

If only she weren't such an old smiley. If only she'd get tough once in awhile. Mr. Jordan would get tough.

"Why, I don't think you've had a gold star for 'Playtime' since last summer."

Those sissy stars! It was like that time his little sister Betsy came home from kindergarten with a red star on her forehead. Like kindergarten.

"Well," said Miss Pepper, "let's try Schmitt."

"Schmitt may not be so good." He ducked his head under the keyboard to find the pedal.

"Well, let's try it, anyway. Oh, we don't use the pedal for exercises, do we?"

We. Always we. "I do," he challenged.

"Oh, we never use the pedal for exercises." She put Schmitt on the piano for him and picked up her stick to tap out the rhythm. "One and two and three and four and . . . Tips, Randolph, tips. Again now. No, Randolph, you have to keep your wrists up." She put down her stick and played the exercise for him with yellow, gnarly hands. "See how I hold my wrists? Now, let's try it again."

Randolph tried it, briefly. "My fingers don't move so good. It's cold in here."

"Oh," said Miss Pepper, coughing nervously and swallowing so her Adam's apple jiggled. "They turned — that is, I had the furnace turned off. I'll get your coat."

"No, I don't want it." Treating him like a kindergartner!

"I don't want you to be cold." Miss Pepper scurried to the fireplace where she busied herself with some kindling and a newspaper.

"That won't do any good. You need a log."

"I—I'm sorry." She tugged at her blue shawl, and Randolph felt all

empty inside. He wished he hadn't said the kindling wasn't any good. He wasn't really so cold. He'd just wanted to get out of Schmitt. "Oh, you don't need a log, I guess. I feel better now."

"Do you?"

"Uh huh."

"Well, let's try Schmitt again."

Schmitt was grand, just grand, and she gave him a red star. She put it on an extended little finger to lick with a long, pointed tongue. Randolph had to turn away.

"Now let's try Hanon, shall we?" She opened the music and set it on the piano. "One and two and three and. . . ."

Randolph felt something on the under sides of his wrists. They had fallen again, and she was jacking them up with her stick. He gave her a look that was scorn and disdain and hate. But she obviously didn't comprehend it. She smiled back.

Smile at him, would she? Well, just let her put her old stick under his wrists again. Just let her try it.

"Again now, Randolph. One and two and three and four. . . ."

There was something on the under sides of Randolph's wrists. "You old biddy!"

Miss Pepper stopped smiling. In fact, for an instant Miss Pepper stopped breathing. "You're tired, aren't you, Randolph?" she said after a good swallow that jiggled her Adam's apple. Well, if she thought he was going to apologize, she had another think coming. But what if she called up Randolph's mother and told her about it? Then he never would be able to take popular from Mr. Jordan. Oh, all right, thought Randolph, all right.

"I guess you're not a biddy. But I don't like that old stick poking me!"

"Of course you don't. I'm sorry I poked you, Randolph." She jumped up nervously and got a dish from the table. "Here, have a jelly bean."

No thank you, he started to say. He didn't want to eat salt in the home of his enemy — or whatever it was in the *Arabian Nights* — but after all, a jelly bean was a jelly bean. "Okay." He burrowed for a licorice, but there weren't any, so he took red. He flipped the candy into his mouth and curled the sides of his tongue around it. He felt its coating melt away as the sweet juice ran off.

"Here, have some more. Put some in your pocket to take home with you."

He picked out all the red ones. "Thanks."

"Oh, those red ones muss so. Here's a tissue. Let me wrap them. There. Why don't you rest for a minute, and I'll play for you for a change?"

MISS Pepper slipped quietly to the stool Randolph vacated, rubbed her hands together, and gently but confidently began to play. For a moment Randolph watched her softly swaying head and certain fingers until an uneasy feeling of familiarity overtook him, and he closed his eyes to listen. Where did it come from, that music? Not from the piano or Miss Pepper or anything outside him, for with his eyes closed he felt darkly, coldly, completely alone.

"Well, let's get back to our lesson." Miss Pepper was smiling her

tiresome smile. "Where were we? Hanon?"

Oh, Hanon was fine. And the Bach etude was coming along just grand.

Grand this, grand that. Randolph wished she would stop saying "grand." He wished he hadn't taken any jelly beans. He wished he'd said, "Only kids eat jelly beans." He wished he hadn't acted sorry for calling her an old biddy because that's exactly what she was — an old biddy.

Finally, it was over — for another week, anyway. Miss Pepper bustled over to where his coat was hanging and got it down. "Randolph," she began quietly.

HE looked at her, and all he could think of was to hurt her — to hurt her as she had been hurting him every Saturday morning at ten o'clock for the past two years. He wished he really could spit poison.

"Randolph, I've been wondering if you don't have any little friends who might like to take music lessons."

Well, he'd show her! He stood up tall. "All my friends take popular. All my friends take from Mr. Jordan." For the last recital Randolph had begged old Salt-and-Pepper to let him play "Manhattan Serenade," which wasn't even jazzy, really. But she had gasped and said what would people think. "In fact, I'm going to take from Mr. Jordan myself pretty soon now."

"You're going . . ." she said softly, and her eyes started watering, and Randolph could actually see the tears getting ready to fall. "Oh," she said, and it sounded more like a choke than a word. "Oh, I'm sorry, Randolph. Is it because of that piece you wanted to play at the last recital — because maybe we could. . . ." She shivered and broke off. "When did you say you were going to start with Mr. Jordan?"

Randolph watched his heel mash into the rug. "June, I think." He had to go on with it now. It wasn't that he had told a lie — a white lie, really — but it was something bigger that he wasn't quite sure he understood. He'd made Miss Pepper cry, and he'd never seen her do anything before but smile. There she was shivering and crying, and she didn't even have a log for the fire. "But maybe my little sister Betsy will be taking from you." That was another lie. Just last week Mom had said Betsy couldn't take lessons for another year or two. Randolph would have to talk to Mom.

Miss Pepper handed Randolph his coat. "Tell your mother I'm anxious to meet Betsy."

"Yeah, I will."

Randolph jumped down the iron-railinged steps, then started to run — up Alden, left at Danbury. Mom just had to let Betsy take lessons. He crossed catty-corner to Juniper where his breath gave out and he stopped long enough to see that the leaves weren't out on Penrose's cherry tree. Randolph reached into his pocket and pulled out a piece of tissue wadded around five red jelly beans. The candy was stuck to the paper, and he didn't want it any more. He tossed the paper to the street for a mail truck to splash contempt after indifference. Miss Pepper couldn't have bought those jelly beans instead of a log, could she? Randolph stared at the gooey red tissue for a moment and then picked it up and put it back in his pocket.

HIS mother was at her sewing machine with tissue patterns and pieces of blue material strewn about. "Mom," he began, panting, and sat in the easy chair.

"Don't sit there. You'll muss that material. How was the lesson?"

"Mom, you've got to let Betsy take lessons from Miss Pepper right away. She wants to so bad."

"Now, Randolph. . . ."

"And she and Miss Pepper would get along swell. She'd love the stars Miss Pepper gives you when you play good."

"Play well, Randolph."

"Well. Please, Mom, you've got to."

"Now, Randolph, you were right there when I went through that with Betsy last week."

"Seven's pretty old, Mom. Lots of kids take when they're only seven." Randolph's mother only took some pins out of some cloth and put them in her mouth. He spoke softly. "Mom, Miss Pepper's poor."

He waited while she put the pins back into the cloth.

"Miss Pepper's real poor, Mom."

"We're not exactly rich, you know."

"She didn't even have a log for the fire."

"Now, Randolph, that doesn't prove she was too poor to buy one." She turned around, and the sewing machine went zig-zag-zigging across the blue cloth.

Randolph wanted to pull that plug from the wall. Didn't his mother care that someone was poor? Randolph's Dad would have cared. Randolph's Dad would have seen that Betsy just had to take lessons so it wouldn't matter when Randolph switched to Mr. Jordan.

Zig-a-zig-a-zig-a-zig-a-zig. . . .

Randolph jerked a leaf off Mom's African violet on his way out to the front porch. He sat on the top step, making green scratches on the cement in rhythm as he whistled. He stopped. He was whistling the music Miss Pepper had played — the music that had overtaken him and his Dad in quiet death on a winter's night in Symphony Hall.

Listening that night to the music, lifted and transported by it, he had forgotten who and where he was until he heard Dad's moan—throaty, startled, and so close it was almost Randolph's own.

"Dad?"

"Home!" Dad had grasped him with a clammy hand.

Clammy and shaking were hands once strong and sure, and Randolph had stumbled out of the row for help. The doctor he located could only explain, for Dad was already dead, huddled in his seat with dank hair held tight to his forehead.

Later, much later, Randolph had cried — when there were baseball games to be attended or model airplanes to be assembled or decisions to be made. For a boy has many decisions — though none as difficult as what to do about Betsy and Miss Pepper.

RANDOLPH sighed and took a soggy, red-stained tissue from his pocket. He pulled most of the paper from one jelly bean and flipped it in his mouth. Well, he thought, as he curled his tongue around the candy, what if old Salt-and-Pepper didn't have a log. He had tried to help Betsy take lessons,

hadn't he? But it would be his fault if he quit. If he quit, maybe she wouldn't have a log or any food, either. Well, why should he care? He hated her. He hated her and her bird stuff and sissy stars.

"Hi, Randy!" Rod Ashton's bicycle skidded to a stop.

"H'lo." Randolph wished Rod would go away. Rod never stopped by unless he had something to show off.

"Guess what!"

"Your dog had kittens."

"Oh, don't be a dope. Guess."

"I'm too tired to guess."

"Mr. Jordan's going to help me and some kids get up a band!"

Randolph swallowed before he spoke. "Oh, what do you want a band for? All that extra practicing!"

"Say, I thought you. . . . I was going to ask you to be in it. Dad's going to get me a trumpet, and I thought you could be piano. You're going to take from Mr. Jordan next summer, aren't you?"

Well, he was, wasn't he? He'd even told old Salt-and-Pepper. Yes, he'd told her and watched the tears form in her eyes. She'd sat there with that blue shawl over her shoulders and tears in her eyes. Oh, darn Rod, anyway! Why didn't he go away?

"Well?" Rod insisted.

"No. I changed my mind. I don't want to any more."

"I bet your Mom said you couldn't! I bet you have to go on taking from that old fish face on Alden Street."

"She did not. I just changed my mind, that's all. Popular's a waste of time."

"Well, okay! If that's the way you feel, okay!" Rod turned quickly on his bike. "Tell old fish face hello for me!"

"Oh, go soak your head!" Randolph called. "Go soak it for a month! Yeah, and Mr. Jordan, too!"

Tired Warrior

Margery S. Stewart

This is a day for apple juice and spice
And one orange simmering on a gentle fire,
A day to rest and dream and watch the fog
Come like a misty neighbor from the sea.
This is a day to hear the rains repeat
The fragile rhythms of the wind's desire.
This is a day to think in love of faces
That years and space have taken far from me.
So hang the armor up, the battered shield,
And close the door on yesterday's lost field.

Elvina J. Homer's Hobby Is Family History and Genealogical Work

ELVINA J. Homer, Sandy, Utah, has written a detailed and authentic history of her family, beginning with early recollections of her own childhood in Denmark. She also collects and preserves, for her family, histories of her ancestors and of her husband's people. Although she has more than 150 descendants, she knows each one of them so intimately that she can, without a moment's hesitation, give the correct dates for births and marriages. She keeps records and scrapbooks filled with accounts of the achievements of her family, pictures, and scores of interesting mementos.

Sister Homer is an expert quilter and seamstress, and does lovely crochet work. She also makes useful and decorative rugs. Although she has been a widow and self-supporting for more than ten years, she remembers her descendants with gifts at Christmas. These treasures include tiny doll quilts, doll clothes, crocheted doilies, potholders, pillow slips, handkerchiefs with crocheted edges, aprons, and many other items. Birthdays are remembered with a card or a small gift, and each newly married couple is presented with a lovely handmade quilt. Sister Homer always keeps a few small quilts and a box of bootees on hand for new arrivals.

Sister Homer (Elvina Josephine Pehrson) was born in Aarhus, Denmark, and after coming to Utah she was married to Willard George Homer in the Salt Lake Temple. There were born ten children, nine still living. Fifty-seven grandchildren and sixty-seven great-grandchildren are numbered among the posterity of Elvina J. Homer. In the picture with Sister Homer are three of her great grandchildren and a granddaughter.

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Therefore . . . seek diligently to turn the hearts of the children to their fathers, and the hearts of the fathers to the children . . . (D & C 98: 16).

Life Is Fissionable

Leona Fetzer Wintch

A famous man recently summed up his life's efforts by saying that he had given so much away that he had only a little of himself left to die. He forgot that the bookkeeping on life's ledger shows that the more a man gives of his love and of himself, the more he has. There are no limits to which the soul can extend itself, and this boundless dominion is immeasurably increased by the very act of sharing. Hoarding is deteriorative, but giving is vital to living.

Dying begins when we fail to compound fissionable mental fuel with an open, truth-seeking mind, and when we withhold the bounties of our heart and spirit. Then the fundamental urges to know and to share become static. In the same measure that we cease to enlarge ourselves and communicate our growth, we die.

What to do? Deliberately set out to better ourselves, then share, share, share! We must first recognize that our minds are often cluttered with ideas that do not pay their lodging. This is a form of the spiritual and intellectual poverty that has always exceeded physical privation, and it reminds us again that our present worldly affluence cannot satisfy our deepest needs.

The almost forgotten joys that will enrich our lives are without number. A random handful follow: Let us taste the fruit of the centuries by studying the scriptures, so that we can drink at the well of living water, feel the heartbeat of the ages, and view the limitless dimensions of life; listen to the organ's booming diapason, but play some gay spiccato, too. There is heaven all about us, so let us gather a little starlight and open our eyes to the overwhelming magnificence of Andromede's constellation, the sister to the Milky Way; have courage not only to play with ideas, but wrestle with them and include them in our conversations so that they will not dry in our minds; best of all, let us understand our associates so that we can sense their leanings and needs.

We can inspire ourselves and others out of the cubicles of mediocrity that bring death in life by increasing and intensifying our interests. How can our lives be anything but full to overflowing when we share ourselves, friends, books, interests, and vigorous ideas that fission on and on? Of a surety, the more we have and share the more vitally alive we become, and the less we consent to die.

Follow a Star

Grace Barker Wilson

Oh, never say it is of no avail
To follow star-lined paths where comets trail
Their fiery hair.

The visions and the inspirations found
Within the heavens lead to higher ground
When life seems bare.

Oppressed when earth things overwhelm the soul,
Look up! The stars' eternal rhythms roll
Like answered prayer.

The Cellar

Jerry Barlow

MARY planted a kiss amidst the tousled curls as she lifted two-year-old Roby into bed. Tenderly, she pulled the blanket up to his chin and tucked its warmth about his body. As she closed the bedroom door behind her, the gong of the living room clock became a persistent reminder of the approaching lunch hour.

Ten — at noon Mark would be in from the fields, ravenous from the work of the long morning hours.

Mary grabbed an empty bucket from the kitchen floor and hurried to the back porch. Mark kept a supply of potatoes there so that his petite wife might be spared the chore of fetching them. He knew, too, that she was afraid.

Mary stooped and thrust her arm deep inside the burlap bag. Rising, she shook the limp gunny sack, gently at first, then sharp and vigorously. Old fears revived to haunt her, and Mary resented Mark's forgetfulness for causing her this moment of fright and indecision.

Daughter of a local farmer, Mary had grown up loving the multitudinous acres that surrounded her; but the potato cellars that rose like landmarks made her anxious and afraid.

Once, when Mary was five, she had ventured inside one of those eerie caverns. She hadn't liked the peculiar smell of mellowing potatoes and musty earth. Traceries of cobwebs, some boasting ominous looking spiders, had hung everywhere, and the gloominess seemed a mockery of the feeble light that shone through the narrow door. Field mice, wary of their intruder, had darted about in aimless confusion. Even the black beetles that usually made her laugh with their impudence, looked grotesquely strange standing on their heads. And, when the sleek, evil-looking rat flicked his snake-like tail against her bare legs, she had bolted up the stairs and into the arms of her father. From that day nothing had induced her to enter a potato cellar, but now she thought of Mark. She thought of how hard he worked. Mark was a meat-and-potatoes man, and often he had said it was only her good cooking that kept him going.

Hesitantly, Mary picked up the bucket, forced herself through the front gate and down the road a short distance. She was glad Jep, Roby's black puppy, was frolicking along beside her.

A tremor shook her slight body as she pushed the crude latch from its metal tongs. With a persuasive pull, the wooden door opened. Mary stood at the top of the crudely made steps squinting to try and see far inside. Jep, spying a sea gull, scampered off across the field unhindered by Mary's desire for his company.

She could see that the cellar, once filled to capacity, now sheltered only a few potatoes that lay bagged or scattered deep inside the earthen pit.

Reluctantly, Mary picked up the bucket and forced her unwilling legs forward. In her haste, she forgot the rock that Mark always used

to prop against the door as assurance against the whims of the freakish wind.

MARY tried not to hear or think as she flung potatoes into the bucket. It was half filled when a sudden swishing sound preceded an alarming bang, followed by the even more menacing clatter of the latch falling into place. Terrified, Mary dashed up the stairs and flung herself against the wooden door. Furiously, she beat upon it and screamed out protesting her entombment. Then she sank down wearily on the top step. She sat there feeling nothing, for a time immune to the rustlings and the darkness. Then a scurrying, too close by, abruptly started the ghastly marathon of thought again. Deliberately, she swiveled her neck from side to side, trying to see past the frightful images conjured up by her imagination; but the minute ray of light shining from a crack beneath the door betrayed nothing. Shivering, Mary hunched her knees against her chest. Lest the accumulative fears of childhood overwhelm her, she forced herself to think outside the potato cellar.

For the first time she became aware of the hum of fleeting cars that swept along the transcontinental highway. She realized that people were passing by, only a few yards away, not knowing of her predicament.

Mary viewed her life in retrospect, but was brought sharply up-to-date by the joyful "Here, Yeppy." Instantly she was on her feet. Roby had climbed from his crib. In her hurried fear, she had forgotten to shut the kitchen door or close the front gate. Now she visualized the stretch of highway that bordered their farm, all of it straight except for the dip that rose from its sway directly in front of the potato cellar. Here a tiny boy might not be seen in time.

Renewed panic, different and more terrible, engulfed her. Frantically she hammered at the unyielding door and kicked at its opposing force. Through the wooden structure, she pleaded and threatened in her endeavor to keep her baby within the bounds of safety.

"Roby, come over to the door and talk to mama."

"Mama," he repeated.

"Let's play a game," Mary coaxed. "I'll knock on the door like this, and then you knock back."

Roby laughed as he imitated his mother, and they talked and knocked back and forth. Then the inquisitive sniffing of Jep told Mary that the puppy had joined them.

Roby and the dog romped happily and tumbled over one another in gleeful abandon. The frisky puppy darted back and forth, each time luring Roby farther away.

"Roby," Mary screamed. "Roby, come back here." In desperation she began to claw at the dirt walls seeking some way of escape. The firm ground yielded only slightly, but Mary dug on, oblivious to the pain of her bleeding hands.

THE blare of a horn and the whine of tires preceded the crash. Excited voices grew to a clamor as more cars braked to a stop. Above the din, a man's voice rose, angry and shaken. "What's he doing in the middle of the road anyway?"

"Someone had better get his mother," a woman cried.

The cellar tilted at a crazy angle as Mary slumped helplessly against the wall. Her knees buckled and her head hit the edge of the bucket as she fell. . . .

Slowly Mary began her struggle back. Mark was sitting beside their bed and, occasionally, leaned forward to soothe away her desultory cries. Jep's persistent whining at the cellar door had led to her discovery. Mark felt a tug of sympathy as his eyes centered on the sterile bandages that covered Mary's head and hands.

Beneath the warmth of the woolen blankets, Mary stirred, then jerked upright. "Roby," she screamed, "get out of the road."

A hand pushed her back against the pillows and a voice, oddly familiar, kept trying to tell her something. Now she recognized Dr. Nuncie, and he was saying something about an accident. *Accident!* The word jarred Mary back to reality and she became acutely aware of Mark. She flung herself at him sobbing hysterically.

"Oh, Mark, it's my fault" — mumbled words fell against Mark's chest and he gently cradled her head in his hand.

"Roby's all right, sweetheart."

"No — he's not, Mark. I heard the crash and the people talking."

"I know, dear, but Roby wasn't hit. A tourist hit a fence post. He saw Roby in the road and swerved to miss him. He was shaken up a bit, but nothing serious."

Mary, incredulous, raised her tear-stained face from Mark's shoulder, as he gently lowered her back to the bed.

It was a miracle — only Mary could not believe it and she protested its untruth.

A nod from Dr. Nuncie soon produced their neighbor holding a squirming youngster in her arms. Spying his mother, Roby wriggled free and hoisted himself onto the bed. Fierce relief made Mary unconsciously rough as she hugged him to her. Roby giggled, urging his mother to repeat the violent caress. Mary obliged, luxuriating in the boy's delight.

The pain of her head and hands had eased, and she gave up Roby reluctantly. Dr. Nuncie took his departure, leaving Mark alone beside the bed.

Sleepily, Mary opened her eyes and managed a loving smile. "Tomorrow I'll take Roby with me when I go to the potato cellar."

"Tomorrow," Mark gave notice, "you'll stay in bed. I'll get the potatoes." Then the corners of his mouth curled impishly and his eyes sparkled in the way that Mary loved. "Gee, honey," he laughed, "I couldn't take another day like this one."

Something Different for Dinner

Fluffy Chicken Casserole

Maren Hardy

One 5 to 6 lb. hen. Cook until tender. Remove from bones and cut into small pieces. Grind skin, gizzard, etc., and add to other chicken.

Sauce

1 c. flour
1 c. fat from chicken
3 c. milk
1 c. broth
6 eggs

Combine flour and fat. Add milk and broth. Cook in double boiler until mixture begins to thicken. Add eggs beaten until frothy and continue cooking until mixture is thick and fluffy.

Dressing

1 c. diced celery
1 c. diced onion
3 tbsp. butter or bacon fat
1 tsp. baking powder
4 eggs
1 loaf of bread crumbled
salt and pepper to taste

Mix celery, onion, and fat. Mix into crumbled bread and add remainder of broth from chicken, or barely moisten mixture. Sprinkle with baking powder. Beat the eggs until frothy and fold into dressing.

Place dressing in bottom of two (approximately 7¼ by 12½) baking dishes. Cover with small amount of sauce. Spread chicken over this and add remainder of sauce. Top with bread crumbs. Bake 1 hour in 325 degrees oven. Cut in squares to serve. This souffle can stand without falling. Serves 20 to 24.

Carrot Cake

Edna B. Lang

3 egg yolks
1 c. cooking oil
1½ c. sugar
3 tbsp. hot water

Mix well in large mixing bowl, then add:

1¼ c. flour (sifted)
½ tsp. soda
1 tsp. baking powder
⅛ tsp. salt
3 egg whites (beaten)
½ tsp. cinnamon
½ tsp. nutmeg
1 c. grated carrots
1 c. chopped nuts

Mix well, beat egg whites and fold in last. Bake in a tube pan for one hour and fifteen minutes at 325°. Serve with whipped cream.

The Best-Laid Plans

Maude Proctor

IF I had known the anguish that telephone call the other morning was going to cause, I think I would have turned over in bed, pulled a pillow over my head, and stayed dead to the world while the bell jangled on.

But it is the duty of a Relief Society president to be available in case of calamity or catastrophe befalling any member of the ward, so I sighed and sleepily fumbled my way over to the noisy phone, hoping that no one would be stirring that early to gaze through the open window at my night-gowned, barefooted progress.

"Hello?" I asked hopefully, but I might just as well not have hoped.

"Good morning, Sister Jones!" came the particular tone of voice our bishop uses when he has something difficult that he wants the Relief Society to do.

Oh, what? I wondered, thinking of the huge ironing waiting, the apricots ready to be canned, and of my upset house to be straightened before an overdue visit of some relatives.

"Well," our good bishop said, "I've had a call from the stake president saying that two of the Brethren are arriving from Salt Lake, and they want to see our Stake Center. A lot of talking has been done about the planning and selection of kitchen equipment, and President Steele feels that he simply cannot let the Brethren see the place in its present condition."

"And what is the condition?" I asked, more cheerfully, beginning to feel confident that this problem could be handled easily.

"Well, it's pretty messed up with mud from yesterday's rain, so it will take a few hours of rather heavy work by some of you fine sisters."

I try to keep in mind that I must be an example to all and a "very present help" to our hard-working bishop whom the whole ward justly loves and appreciates.

"I wonder why we were elected," I mused meekly.

"Why, Sister Jones, the stake president knows I can depend on you sisters getting things done well and quickly."

"All right, Bishop," I said more brightly, "I'll ask some of the younger sisters to go over, and it will be taken care of at once."

"I knew I could count on you!" came in a relieved tone, "thank you."

I hung up and planned whom to call as I dressed quickly. When I had the bacon and eggs in front of the family, I made out my list and called my First Counselor, who is my right hand, my moral support, and my best friend.

"Sure, we can do it. Nothing to it," she said, soothing and smoothing the way before me as she always does.

I hummed contentedly as I cleared away the breakfast things and prepared to start the canning. Just get this fruit out of the way, I planned, and then I'll try to go over and help.

Drat that phone! I thought as I

reached for it with one hand, while I turned down the gas with the other. It was Sister Pratt, one of the loveliest women I know, and our stake Relief Society president.

"Sister Jones," she said, "I have something that has to be done at once, and you know I always think of your ward when I'm really on a spot." Words like that are usually music in my ears.

It's nice to be appreciated, but today we are busy! I protested to myself, while I assured President Pratt that we were at her service.

"We have to have ten large bags of rags for rugs all cut, sewed, and delivered tonight. Think you can do it?" she asked.

"Oh, certainly," I tossed off airily as I thought of several of the older sisters of the ward who had been our dependable stand-bys for years, and who were now being called on mainly for the less energetic sit-down jobs.

They will be glad to do this and I can get the group organized and forget them, was my line of thought.

Forget them? I'll never, never forget them!

As I moved toward the stove, someone pounded on the back screen, and almost simultaneously there came a series of impatient blasts from a car horn in front of the house.

"Just a typical day!" I observed aloud and called, "wait a minute" to the back door and hurried to the front. My next-door neighbor called after me, "Say, your daughter's been trying to get you, but your line has been busy. Her husband left this morning for the cattle range, and she guesses she had better be on the way to the hospital."

Wouldn't it just happen that way? Mrs. Miller shook out the dampened clothes for me, while I took the apricots to the basement.

"Honey," she said, "I'd take them home and iron them for you, if I hadn't promised Don I'd go with him to pick up feed this afternoon."

"Don't dream of it," I told her "I'll be back sometime tomorrow, and everything will wait. Just tell Tom where I've gone and I won't even have to write him a note. He has been expecting this and knows exactly what to do."

"Oh, dear!" Suddenly I remembered the car at the front. At that moment Mary, my First Counselor, came in.

"What goes on in here? I didn't have time to come in. Thought you'd at least stick your head out the door so I could tell you that you'll have to do this telephoning. I'm on my way to mother's. She has had another spell with her heart, and I'll have to stay with her for a few days."

I motioned for Mrs. Miller to keep still. I'd have to figure out a way to get both groups of women called without Mary worrying about it. Her mother really needed her. We waved goodbye and turned and looked at each other. Mrs. Miller threw up her hands and sat down. I felt like it, too, but my poor daughter was depending on me to get her to the hospital.

I knew by the drawn blinds across the way that my Secretary was having one of her migraine headaches, so it would be no use to ask her to do any telephoning. My Second Counselor was away. Who else?

Mmmm! So I decided to risk calling Louise, our literature class leader, to do the telephoning for me. She is rather absent-minded and seems to live in the realm of books. Sometimes their characters seem more alive to her than the people around her. On my way to my daughter's, though, I stopped at Louise's and gave her the two lists with careful instructions as to just what to say to each one, and she promised to begin telephoning immediately.

"Don't worry," she said, "I'll get Grandma Wilkins to help call the older group, and Eileen will help with the others. They will all be working in no time."

"That's a good idea!" I told her and drove away, feeling that I could put Relief Society right out of my mind.

THE next day as I drove back into town, Brother Stone hailed me from the curb. He smiled, waving a negligent hand, and said, "Those old women surely made the place shine over at the Stake Center!"

"Old women!" I echoed blankly.

A couple of hours later, I uneasily decided maybe I'd better check on what had happened. Louise was all sweetness and light.

"The bishop was real pleased at how nice the Stake Center looked, and Sister Pratt was to pick up the rug rags last night about six."

The uneasy feeling persisted, so at last I called Sister Pratt.

"Everything was just fine," she assured me, "at what age do the sisters over your way start to get old, anyway?"

Well, I thought as I hung up, Grandma Wilkins must have been feeling pretty chipper over those rug rags yesterday.

I was all set for a very restful evening when Tom came home.

"The stake president was all steamed up about our ward sending some eighty-year-old women over to the Stake Center yesterday to scrub floors," was the bombshell he dropped. I was aghast! Louise must have mixed up the lists!

I worried all through dinner. Tom got all out of patience at me because I didn't call someone to see just what the situation was, but I couldn't bear the thought of those poor old ladies with lame backs, stiff knees, and probably worse. Oh, goodness! Every one of those young women who had been called to tear rug rags would be so insulted we'd never get them to Relief Society again all winter.

If there had been any graceful way of getting out of going to Sunday School that morning, I wouldn't have gone. In plain truth, I didn't want to face either group of sisters who had worked the other day. There was sure to be lots of explaining and apologizing to do. I was ashamed of myself, too. I should have had the backbone to go to see each of those lovely old ladies who had been asked to do work that was surely beyond their strength. I wasn't quite so worried about the younger group. Time would help smooth their ruffled feelings, but I felt I just couldn't face those old ladies.

Old ladies! Well! I only hope I'm that young when I'm that old, if you know what I mean!

Down the steps Fern Lehigh came sailing right for me.

"Hi!" she said, "Grandma Wilkins is sure looking for you."

Every step into Sunday School was torture. I didn't see Grandma Wilkins until she was standing beside me. I looked up slowly, and there she was, positively beaming at me.

"Sister Jones, you are a genius! How do you do it?" She didn't give me time to answer, which was a good thing. "I just don't see how you always manage to do the right thing at the right time!"

I was standing with my mouth open.

"My granddaughter Nell," she went on, "was completely done in, in fact she was thinking of going up to her sister's for a few days to get a good rest when she got the call from Louise. If she had been asked to clean the Stake Center she would have consented, of course, but it would have put her right in bed, I know. Here you asked her to go and sit in a quiet room and visit with a few of her best friends, and it was as good as a doctor's prescription."

I was walking away in a daze, when she stopped me with a gentle touch. "Sister Jones, you just don't know what yesterday meant to us old-timers you sent over to the Stake Center. My back has been kind of stiff, but it made my heart sing to think that with something important, like fixing things nice for the Brethren, you needed some of us old hands who really know how."

Tears came to my eyes, and I hugged her and said, "Yes, we love you and will always need you very much."

Well, they always say "All's well that ends well," but I feel ten years older!

A Daughter's Prayer

Billie Sue Nickle Coffin

In spring he showed me where wild flowers bloomed,
Taught me the song of winging bird.
In summer—oh, delight to ford the rushing streams,
To talk where only nature heard.

When winter came, and trees were stark against the sky,
We walked through woodlands cold — Father and I.

And now, he takes my own child in his arms,
Teaches her the lilting call of whippoorwill.
She learns to love the smell of evergreen,
To wade a brook and skip a rock, to climb a hill.

When springtime comes and trees are bright against the sky,
God, grant we'll walk the woods again — Father and I.

Love Is Enough

Chapter 4

Mabel Harmer

Synopsis: Geniel Whitworth, a schoolteacher from Denver, Colorado, takes a position at Blayney, Idaho, and lives at Mrs. Willett's boarding house. She meets Christine Lacy and Marva Eberhart, fellow schoolteachers, Mrs. Willett's nephew, Jeff Burrows, a rancher, and Johnny Linford, who is working for the forest service. Geniel finds these friends quite different from Ernest Wood, her friend in Denver. The schoolteachers and Mrs. Willett spend Thanksgiving at Jeff's ranch.

THE Thanksgiving holidays were no sooner over and school days resumed than almost everyone began dropping remarks about the pageant.

"What pageant?" asked Geniel at the dinner table.

"Ha," Marva intoned ominously, "you'll find out."

"It sounds pretty bad," said Geniel, drawing her sweater closer together. "When and how do I find out?"

"It isn't bad at all," said Christine with a smile. "But it does mean a lot of work for all of us. Miss Blayney. . . ."

"Whom you will remember as the patron saint of the Central School," interrupted Marva.

"Miss Blayney," Christine repeated, "writes a pageant every year. Our school has the honor of producing it."

"Under her eagle and uncompromising eye," Marva continued.

"Well, naturally, she wants to be sure that everything goes well. I suppose that any author feels the same towards her brain child. The youngsters really all look forward to it every year. The mothers make costumes, and the various acts and scenes are divided up among all the classes, so that none of us has too much to do. Not enough to make it a burden, anyway."

"Correct," agreed Marva. "And if we could do it in our own way, or even all work together under one capable director, it would be fine. But we struggle along for fear Miss Blayney will decide we are all wrong, or that even she herself has erred slightly, and change the act, change the cast, change the scenery. . . ."

"Oh, I know it can't be as bad as you say," laughed Geniel. "You're just trying to scare me."

"Hm, just you wait," replied Marva darkly.

"I know one thing," Geniel commented, "after the brush I had with her last fall when I missed her big dinner, I better not make any mistakes on this affair."

"You or anyone else," agreed Marva, "although why we are all so scared of her, I'm not too sure. I doubt if she could do more than get us fired — and schoolmarms are hard to come by these days."

IN another few days copies of the pageant were handed out to the teachers. It was titled "The First Christmas."

"It gets various titles," said Christine, "but it's usually about the same thing."

"Which any eighth grader could

have written," added Marva, "but it's up to us to make a shining performance."

Geniel was given the episode of the herald angels appearing to the shepherds. Since there were only a few lines to be spoken by the shepherds and one song for the angels, it didn't seem a very formidable assignment.

"We have quite a stock of costumes from other years," Mr. Layton, the principal, told her, "especially of angels and shepherds, so you won't have to worry on that account."

When Geniel asked the members of her class which ones would like to be shepherds, the hands of every boy in the room went up — sixteen in all. She knew before asking that every girl would want to be an angel. The script called for six shepherds and a chorus of eight angels. Besides, there were costumes for only six of each.

"I can manage to get a dozen angels on the stage," she decided, "by putting them close together. And white nightgowns, or wornout sheets will do for costumes. But how to manage almost triple the number of shepherds is something else again. And how to costume them is another problem. I'm grateful that I don't have to bring out the three kings of the Orient. I'm sure that I couldn't get by with a dozen or so extra there."

"You could choose them by taking the six with the highest spelling grades," Marva suggested. "Hardly anyone gets rewarded for being a good speller these days."

"I'd be sure to end up with the six who had the least stage presence — if there is such a thing in the third grade. No, I'm going to get them all in the act by fair means or foul. They were so eager – bless their hearts."

"Good luck to you," said Marva. "But let me warn you that when Miss Blayney puts six shepherds in her act, six is what she wants and not sixteen."

"As long as the stage will hold them, I'll figure it out," said Geniel optimistically.

THE rehearsals went forward with a dozen angels singing beautifully, and sixteen shepherds posed over and over again on the stage until they took up the least possible space.

Geniel pondered over the problem of additional costumes and finally decided that she would have to go and see several of the mothers. She was afraid that merely sending word home by the children would not bring the desired results.

In this project she had to call on Johnny for help one Saturday morning. "In the interests of the annual Christmas pageant, to be presented by the Central School, you'd be glad to chauffeur me around for a couple of hours, wouldn't you?" she asked sweetly.

"With the greatest of pleasure," he replied. "It's the least I can do for the cause. Although, in years gone by I've been everything from Kris Kringle to a lame beggar. I nearly always had a star part of some kind."

"What refreshing modesty!" exclaimed Geniel. "About the costumes — we only have to get ten. There are six on hand in the school collection."

She had expected that the trip

would be something of a chore, but instead it turned out to be a delightful afternoon. Several of the mothers she met for the first time. It was not surprising that Johnny knew them all. Nor was it too surprising that they not only knew him but obviously liked him very much.

Before they had started out, he said, "When we're through with the collecting we'll go for a toboggan ride. All work and no play makes Jane a you-know-what."

He had chartered their course to make the circuit as quickly as possible, but it was soon clear that they wouldn't get through in time for any tobogganing — at least, not that afternoon.

The first stop was at the home of Chris Humphreys. "One of my lesser lights," she explained. "His chief talent is for drawing. He never gets half the answers right on his arithmetic, but the decorations are absolutely fascinating."

Mrs. Humphreys welcomed them with exuberant hospitality. She served them hot cider and doughnuts, showed them the stuffed cloth animals she had made for various nieces and nephews and at least two dozen samples of Chris' art work. It was with some difficulty that Geniel got around to the subject of costumes.

"Bath robes, no indeed!" Mrs. Humphreys replied scornfully. "I have a striped blanket from Mexico. It will make a beautiful robe. And I also have just the thing for the top. This purple silk I am going to make into a blouse. But not before Christmas. It will make a fine headdress."

When they were finally able to tear themselves away, Johnny said cheerfully, "Well, one down and just nine more to go. Mrs. Rossiter is next on the list. Does Fred draw?"

"No. Fred drawls. Let's hope that his mother doesn't. I must get through this afternoon or I'll have to make the rest of the costumes myself."

Mrs. Rossiter was so shy that she was obviously relieved to get the visit over with as quickly as possible.

The balance of the calls took the rest of the afternoon, but Geniel ended up with a plentiful supply of costumes. "It's been worth while to get better acquainted with the parents in their own homes, too," she said. "I guess this spree takes the place of the toboggan party."

"Not at all," declared Johnny. "We'll scare up another couple or two and go sliding by moonlight. It's even more fun that way — and colder."

"It does sound like fun," she agreed. "I'm sure that Marva would like to go. And, maybe we can get Jeff."

"Sure. It would do him good to get out of the barnyard for a change. I never did see a guy so wrapped up in his cows."

"That's elegantly put," smiled Geniel. "But rather correctly, I'm afraid. Anyway, it won't hurt to ask."

MARVA was delighted to go. She was always ready for a party of any kind, anywhere.

"Jeff says it's okay with him," Johnny reported after phoning. "He'll be through with his milking by seven. He says that we can come to his place for chili afterwards, too."

"Good!" cried Geniel. "This begins to sound like a grand affair."

She was especially glad that Jeff was going and was hoping that this time she would be able to maintain some semblance of dignity. At any rate, she couldn't make herself ridiculous by getting stuck in the mud.

"I'll pick you up right after dinner," said Johnny. "And be sure to put on your boots and snowsuit. Nobody has swept a path on those hills, or installed a ski lift."

He was right about the ski lift and wrong about the path. Several other parties were on the hill and the snow was packed down hard. It had been years since Geniel had been on a toboggan. "It's just too far away to get to a real hill in Denver," she said. "About the best we could manage were a few gentle slopes for coasting."

"It all goes to show there's just no place like Idaho," declared Jeff. "The best in spuds, mountains, scenery, snow. . . ."

"Men," added Johnny.

"Granted," agreed Marva easily, as she slipped down on the toboggan. Johnny sat in front to guide. Geniel was just behind Marva and Jeff at the back to give the necessary push.

IT was a thrilling ride. Geniel thought that no plane trip could possibly compare with it. The moonlight sparkled on the white snow, untouched by city smoke. There were whoops of joy from each passing crowd, either going up or down the hill.

Once, when they hit a bump and all bounded up in the air, Geniel was caught by Jeff's strong arms. His touch was almost like an electric shock, and she caught herself wishing that they would hit another bump.

It's nothing more than the excitement of the evening, she tried to tell herself. But it seemed that only a part of her was listening; the other self was hoping to be held again by those same arms.

It seemed as if they had been there only a matter of minutes when Johnny said, "My appetite is getting to the unbearable stage. Do you suppose that chili is hot yet?"

"Sure." replied Jeff. "It was when I left. So is the cider and so forth."

The other three started towards the car but Geniel hesitated. Would she ever again capture the magic of this night? She felt as if she would give anything for just one more ride.

"Are you coming?" demanded Johnny. "Or do you want your face washed in the snow first?"

"Yes, I'm coming. I don't want to see you starve before my very eyes," she answered reluctantly.

They drove over to Jeff's house where they enjoyed the hot food before the big fireplace with its blazing logs.

"This makes all of my troubles seem vague and far away," said Geniel, stretching her feet towards the fire.

"Troubles, such as . . .?" inquired Jeff.

"Such as sixteen shepherds, when there should be only eight, and twice too many angels. Each and every one in the third grade wants to get into the act, and I didn't have the heart to refuse even the lowliest one. If it was anybody's play but Miss Blayney's, I wouldn't worry. And perhaps I needn't anyway. Maybe she won't say a word."

"It's much more likely that she

will," comforted Marva grimly. "I remember last year when we tried to have a golden-haired Madonna, because we wanted to use Margaret Stapley in the tableau. She'd had polio and couldn't do a walking part. We had to rig up a dark wig in the twenty minutes between the first curtain and the tableau. This thing has to be perfect, I'm telling you. It's a tradition."

"But all the boys want to be shepherds," Geniel insisted. "Besides, Johnny and I gathered up almost a dozen elegant costumes this afternoon."

"Could you possibly rotate them?" suggested Jeff. "You know — you might have some of them move slowly across the stage as others come on. Follow the star, in other words."

"Oh, that sounds perfectly wonderful!" cried Geniel. "I knew there must be a way out, somehow or other. It certainly must be perfectly logical that they would follow the star."

"Let us hope that Miss Blayney will think so," said Marva, still highly skeptical.

When it came time to go home, Geniel was almost as loath to leave the coziness of the grate fire as she had been to leave the magic of the snowy hillside. I guess it's just that I don't want to return to the old routine at all, she decided. It's so much fun just to relax and play.

WHEN they were back at the boarding house, Marva remarked lightly, "You know, Johnny is right about the Idaho men. They are rather special. At least, these two are."

"Is either one any more special than the other?" Geniel asked with a smile.

Marva only shrugged. The gesture told Geniel nothing.

She looked forward eagerly now to the Monday rehearsal. Everything seemed to be working out wonderfully well. She had an ample supply of costumes and, with Jeff's help, she had figured out a way to put sixteen shepherds on the stage in place of a mere six.

"Thank goodness, the stage will be in semi-darkness, so it shouldn't be too noticeable anyway," she said happily. The main problem now was to teach them to move slowly and spend as much time as possible gazing up at the star.

She also trained the angels to stand partly sidewards so that the chorus would take up no more room than half a dozen would have done. At least, not very much more.

Just the same Geniel practically held her breath at the final rehearsal, for Miss Blayney was sitting close up to the front and had offered very liberal criticisms during each of the preceding scenes.

Geniel had taken her charges through the act so many times that it went off without a mistake or hitch of any kind. When it was over, Miss Blayney said nothing whatsoever. Geniel breathed a deep sigh of relief. She didn't expect or even hope for praise. All she wanted was to get each and every member of the third grade onto the stage, if only for a brief moment.

For the final performance on Friday night she was not greatly worried, even when she remembered that a blonde had to be transformed in twenty minutes the previous year. She figured that it would be too late

for Miss Blayney, or anyone else to make any drastic changes.

Anyway, it developed that the lady had more serious worries. The three live lambs, which she had insisted upon having in the stable, were neither used to being on the stage nor to night life. True to their nature, they went astray back into the scenery, knocking over one wall.

Each of the three kings of the Orient came in dark makeup, because the teacher had mentioned that one of them could be dark. Two of them had to be scrubbed at the last minute. Miss Blayney failed to see anything amusing in either incident.

When the spotlight fell upon the angel chorus, Geniel was telling herself, well, nothing can go wrong with this part, anyway. But she had reckoned without the children in the audience. A small brother of Connie's shrieked at the top of his lungs, "Look Mommie! Connie's an angel!"

For a moment Geniel feared that the shy Connie might turn and run or drop from sight, but they were all standing so closely together that she couldn't do either, and the crisis passed.

She was very pleased when it was over to see Jeff waiting in the audience. "I just thought I'd come and see if you got away with it," he smiled.

"Yes, thanks to you," she smiled back. "Thanks from all of the third grade, their mothers — and their little brothers."

"I suppose you're going home for the holidays?" It was a casual question, but Geniel had a notion that he half hoped she would say "no." Unaccountably she half wished so herself. Instead she replied, "Yes, I'm leaving first thing in the morning. It's a long way around by bus."

"But worth all the trouble, I'm sure. I hope that certain parties appreciate their good fortune."

"Oh, my folks will be glad to have me home, of course," she answered quickly. "I've never missed a Christmas at home yet. None of us has, in fact."

Jeff only smiled and said, "Have a merry one."

(*To be continued*)

Prayer of a Second Wife

Vesta Nickerson Fairbairn

Dear understanding God, help me be wise
To sense the past and present interlacing,
To know the moment to be self-effacing,
To feel when love unveiled should fill my eyes.
My heart needs time to learn, to recognize
The subtle changing moods of one replacing
Old designs with new, while still embracing
Sacred memories. Help me be wise!

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

General Secretary-Treasurer Hulda Parker

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for January 1958, page 47, and in the Relief Society *Handbook of Instructions.*

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Hazel M. Brinson

INDIANAPOLIS STAKE (INDIANA) VISITING TEACHERS CONVENTION
August 3, 1960

Front row, at the left, left to right: Marguerite O'Niones, work meeting leader; Lena Morton, First Counselor; Hazel M. Brinson, President; Beverly McAdam, Second Counselor.

Front row, at the right, left to right: Anne Kreitzer, acting chorister; Bethea Dale, acting organist; C. Lowell Hedrick of the High Council, representing the stake presidency.

Second row, at the left: Barbara Jordan, literature class leader; at the right: Beverly Ferguson, theology class leader.

Sister Brinson reports that their first Visiting Teacher Convention was a great success. A well-planned and supervised nursery was conducted by Shirley Goodman and Katherine Barney during the convention. The film "Unto the Least of These" was shown twice between the opening session of the convention and the luncheon, and women attending the convention were divided into two groups by birthday months for the showing of the film. While the film was in progress, the alternating group inspected the display tables and saw the demonstrations given there. A demonstration on home freezing was given by Mrs. Vander Griff, county home demonstration agent, and a fashion show was presented by the Connersville Branch Relief Society. The delightful luncheon was planned and prepared by the Indianapolis Second Ward sisters and was served by the stake Relief Society board.

Photograph submitted by Ruby A. Robbins

BONNEVILLE STAKE (UTAH), NORTH THIRTY-THIRD WARD VISITING TEACHERS HONORED FOR MANY YEARS OF SERVICE AT FALL SOCIAL, September 28, 1960

Front row, seated, left to right: Geneva Johnson, Pearl Saunders, Ellen Cederlof, Maude Melville, Mae Bates.

Back row, standing, left to right: Emma Simpson, Alida Larsen, Dorothy Painter, Brita Johanson, Elizabeth Gray, Nora Walton, Effie McDonald.

Ruby A. Robbins, President, Bonneville Stake Relief Society, reports: "The North Thirty-third Ward honored thirty fine sisters at their fall social, September 28, 1960. The twelve sisters shown in the picture were especially honored for their long years of service, one sister, Elizabeth Gray, being eighty-nine years old. To show them of our love and esteem, individual citations were read, then President Grace B. Larsen presented each sister with a Relief Society pin. These chosen twelve members are our 'gold pin' members. Four new members were added this year and truly feel it an honor to belong to this group. Twenty-five other visiting teachers were each presented with a corsage. To honor all our visiting teachers, the song 'Our Life Can Touch So Many Lives' was very beautifully sung by Lois Nichols. Refreshments, served by our youngest visiting teachers, completed a most satisfying event."

Photograph submitted by Fawn W. Volker

NETHERLANDS MISSION RELIEF SOCIETY CONVENTION OF OFFICERS AND SUPERVISORS

Front row, seated, left to right: Emilie Wolthers, Second Counselor, Netherlands Mission Relief Society Board; Johanna Frolich, First Counselor; Fawn W. Volker, President, Netherlands Mission Relief Society; Wilhelmina A. Linneman, Secretary-Treasurer.

Sister Volker reports: "We, the sisters of the Netherlands, are very happy with the results of a convention held at the Hague chapel for the supervisors and officers of the various branches. The purpose was to impart instruction, exchange ideas, and create enthusiasm for the new eight months of work ahead. The morning session was devoted to reviewing handbook instructions and thorough preparation of the lessons and activities of the society. The sisters of the Hague Branch decorated the luncheon tables and served the lunch. Vases of the beautiful golden dahlias of Holland were placed in the chapel and on the display table. For the display table, each branch brought samples of beautiful and interesting articles made for their bazaars. The afternoon speakers used the different lessons for their subjects. Punch was served at the close of the convention, as most of the sisters had a long way to go. It took some three to four hours to reach home. There was a marvelous spirit throughout the day and an eagerness for the instructions given.

"Affairs such as this are very rewarding. They bring together the various branches in delightful association and comradeship, and it was apparent that a spiritual uplift was brushed off on to all. These are wonderful sisters, and their contribution in time and effort is like the work of mothers in the home, who keep the family together."

Photograph submitted by Pearl H. Haddock

CACHE STAKE (UTAH), SEVENTEENTH WARD WORK MEETING DISPLAY, August 21, 1960

Left to right: Alvira Larson, First Counselor; Benta Wheeler, President; Inez Sorenson, work meeting leader; Elmira Brown, Second Counselor; Selma Lenhart, Secretary-Treasurer; Ruby Hawkins, a work meeting chairman; Ada Jensen, quilting chairman.

Pearl R. Haddock, President, Cache Stake Relief Society, reports that this display of outstanding handwork was presented in connection with a fashion show in which members of the Relief Society and their children modeled clothing which had been made by Relief Society women. Ada Jensen made the rugs shown in the picture and designed the patterns for the quilts. Amy Ewer, absent when the picture was taken, made the afghan. Numerous aprons and household articles, in addition to those illustrated in the picture, were made for the occasion and were attractively displayed.

Photograph submitted by Eva N. Dalton

PANGUITCH STAKE (UTAH) RELIEF SOCIETY BOARD HONORED FOR MANY YEARS OF SERVICE, October 29, 1960

Front row, seated, left to right: Edrie W. Norton, Second Counselor; Eva N. Dalton, President; Vera K. Anderson, First Counselor; Elizabeth T. Smith, Secretary-Treasurer.

Back row, standing, left to right: Lois W. Haycock, Nina H. Steele, Hope W. Goulding, Nellie H. Fullmer, Beth R. Tebbs, Myrtle Slack, Thelda H. Thompson, Iletta D. Reid.

Eva N. Dalton, President, Panguitch Stake Relief Society, reports: "The members of the Panguitch Stake Relief Society Board enjoyed a very special evening on October 29, 1960. The feature of the evening was the presentation of the Church service record of each of the sisters. These board members have held positions in both ward and stake Relief Society and have served as officers and teachers in all of the ward and stake women's auxiliary positions. The list of officers held by this board will attest to the versatility of the sisters of our Stake."

Photograph submitted by LaPriel S. Bunker

CALIFORNIA MISSION RELIEF SOCIETY LEADERSHIP CONVENTION
September 17, 1960

Third row, standing at the right: President Bryan L. Bunker of the California Mission; at the right of President Bunker: William F. Jackson, First Counselor, California Mission; standing, eleventh from the left (back of the sister holding the book): Cressa Hunsaker, President, San Gorgonio District Relief Society.

Front row, at the right: LaPriel S. Bunker, President, California Mission Relief Society.

Second row, kneeling: sixth from the left (in dark dress), Velma H. Peterson, President South Coast district (District recently organized into Palomar Stake, with Sister Peterson as the first president); ninth from the left, Phyllis Averett, President, Mt. Whitney District.

President LaPriel S. Bunker reports: "A temple excursion to the Los Angeles temple was a beautiful spiritual prelude to our convention. The spirit carried over into our general meeting and departments which were led by our very humble and efficient district leaders. We were grateful to have the Priesthood leaders of districts and branches as our guests. They caught the spirit of the Relief Society program and the opportunities the sisters enjoy spiritually, intellectually, and compassionately. The Singing Mothers from one of our districts furnished lovely music. Following the meeting, we were served a luncheon in the patio of the California Mission home, with very clever decorations of the first Relief Society sisters as dolls at each place setting. It was all a glorious experience and enjoyed by all."

Photograph submitted by Harriet W. Capps

SOUTH CAROLINA STAKE BOARD AT VISITING TEACHERS CONVENTION, November 19, 1960

Front row, seated, left to right: Malcolm B. Fagan, Work Director Counselor; Harriet (Hattie) W. Capps, President, South Carolina Stake Relief Society; Belle S. Spafford, General President of Relief Society; Marianne C. Sharp, First Counselor, General Presidency of Relief Society; Lottie P. Joyner, Education Counselor; Phodia W. Guest, Secretary-Treasurer.

Back row, standing, left to right: Mildred G. Jensen, literature class leader; Nellie B. Opie, organist; Beulah T. Watson, visiting teacher message leader; Florence W. Watkins, *Magazine* representative; Louise H. Laffidy, literature class leader; Thelma W. Flowers, work meeting leader; Ethel S. Moody, chorister; Alice B. Voyles, social science class leader.

President Harriet W. Capps reports: "The convention was a great success. It was well attended, with around 175 present, many traveling distances of 150 miles. The spirit was wonderful, and the inspiration the visiting teachers received will be a great help to us. Greetings were extended by Sister Capps, with talks by Minnie Ricke, one

of the first visiting teachers in South Carolina. President Benjamin W. Wilkerson, Counselor Sharp, and President Spafford. Music was furnished by the Columbia Ward and Columbia Second Ward Singing Mothers. A luncheon and social hour was held following the convention, honoring all visiting teachers. The receiving line was made up of Sister Spafford and Sister Sharp and the stake Relief Society presidency. This gave each visiting teacher a chance to meet our General President and her Counselor.

"The decorations were lovely, with floral arrangements of fall flowers and fruit. Luncheon was served buffet style, with Mildred G. Jensen pouring punch from a beautiful silver bowl. Later in the afternoon, the stake board honored Sisters Spafford and Sharp in the home of Alice B. Voyles, which was beautifully decorated with fall flowers. An informal afternoon was spent in discussing everyday problems that arise in Relief Society. A delicious dinner was enjoyed, which climaxed a highly successful and inspirational meeting."

Photograph submitted by Evelyn P. Brown

BURBANK STAKE (CALIFORNIA), NORTH HOLLYWOOD WARD PRESENTS "RELIEF SOCIETY TREASURE CHEST" AT OPENING SOCIAL

Front row, left to right: Dorothy Lamkin, literature class leader; La Rae Matheson, social science class leader; Kathryn Wegman, President; Leona Jensen, Education Counselor.

Second row, left to right: Clara Gold, chorister; Edith Allaback, visiting teacher message leader; Phyllis Richardson, instructor of work meeting course, "Caring for the Sick in the Home"; Etmo Zellmer, *Magazine* representative.

Back row, left to right: Marilyn Johnson, organist; Gloria Moser, theology class leader.

Evelyn P. Brown, President, North Hollywood Stake Relief Society, reports this unique and lovely occasion: "Each board member presented a different 'jewel' of truth for the Relief Society 'Treasure Chest,' explaining the symbol of each jewel as related to this year's courses of study and activities. The crown was presented as a climax, embodying all of the truths to be found in Relief Society activity. The program was also presented at the October leadership meeting in Burbank Stake."

Pioneer Kitchen

Alice R. Rich

THE word *togetherness* has a deeper meaning for me than the dictionary definition. The sound of it invites me to travel a childhood trail back to my mother's pioneer kitchen, the big family workshop. That room knew the true meaning of the word.

A burning pine back log in the wide fireplace warmed and helped make light the work space. All the family from parents to the young children shared in the preparation of almost everything the big family ate or wore.

The farm, garden, orchard, and range land, with hand labor, produced the bread, milk, meat, butter, cheese, chickens, eggs, fruit, vegetables, honey, molasses, wool, and even boots and shoes. These last were made from oil-tanned hides made into leather at a local tannery.

Ours was a typical pioneer kitchen. It had wide pine-board floors, whitewashed walls, iron cookstove, woodbox, wash bench, water buckets and wash basin, roller towel, mirror, comb case, sewing machine, almanac, and wood chairs. In the middle of the room was the big fall-leaf table, and around it much of the work of togetherness centered.

On that sturdy oilcloth-covered table many hands worked in various activities. There the year's supply of farm-fattened, dressed hogs were trimmed; the hams, bacon, lard, headcheese, spareribs, tenderloin, and sausages were readied for table use for the present time and for the months ahead. On that table top were prepared the orchard and garden grown viands for preserves, jellies, mincemeat, chowchow, chili sauce, sweet pickled peaches, and relishes. On its oilcloth cover were rolled and shaped pie paste, cookies, fried cakes, cinnamon buns, and the tender soda biscuits. Fresh from the oven the great tins of homemade bread came to cool, always so crusty and tempting.

The weekly ironings were always done on the same table top, and there were pinned dress and suit patterns for the family sewing. Above its top hung the coal-oil lamp that lighted it for an eating board, and for evening reading. Around it, as an altar, we knelt for morning and evening prayer.

Within the radius of the lighted fireplace's warmth and light, through the long winter evenings, we sewed carpet rags, pieced quilt blocks and did the family knitting while we listened to "once-upon-a-time" stories and ate pine nuts we had gathered from the nearby hills.

Pioneer life had its problems, its struggles, and hard work, but it had its compensations in the togetherness that we shared and in the lovely memories that are ours — memories that for all of us, persist as an interlude, rich and deep in homely joys, an interlude of gracious living.

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Kicking the Rock

Celia Luce

IF a child stumbles against a rock and hurts himself, he often blames the rock for his troubles. He may punish the rock by kicking it or hitting it with a stick.

I often act like that child without realizing it. Something goes wrong and I start looking around for something to blame. I tell myself that I didn't have the same chance as others. I had bad luck. Or, it was someone else's fault. I can brood and blame without helping things at all.

If I really want to set things right, my thinking must be clearer than that. I must stop kicking the rock and be ready to accept the blame I deserve. Only then can I see what must be done to set things right again and avoid trouble in the future.

The Big and the Little

Maude Rubin

The Chinese dove and the hummingbird
Sit here together on one bough
Of the braided willow which has not heard
Of their different size or status, though
The dove is a plutocrat, plump and rich,
Big is his name, with a guttural coo;
The other, a small irridescence which
Gleams feather-lightning, nor cares who
Sits on the willow bough and moans. . . .
Regardless of size or spread of wing,
He slices the blue air-waves and owns
A ruby:

But the common linnet sings
Better than either the Little or Big,
As they sit here preening on summer's twig.

Rejuvenation

Cleo J. Johnson

SITUATED in a sheltered spot by the side of the main road in the dry farm section of southeast Idaho, stands a little, weatherbeaten, now ramshackle, brown house. When life seems to close in on me, when I feel I must get away from it all, that is where I like to go.

I've taken my family there. They peer through the windows into the empty rooms, and fight mosquitoes down by the creek while eating lunch. I have led them up the path that reaches the top of the cliff behind the house where the waving grain fields can be seen. But soon it's, "Come on, Mom. Let's go." "Gee, it's hot." "I'm tired!" "Haven't you seen enough?" The last time I went there, I left them home.

You see, this house is part of me. The property belongs to someone else now, but this is the place where I was born, and as such, will always be mine. I look through those dusty windows and I hardly see the cracks in the wall or the litter on the floor. I see it as it used to be with its big black stove and the woodbox in the corner, the rust-colored velvet portiere that hung in the doorway, with rows of photographs and pictures lining the wall, and the green plaid steamer rug covering the day bed.

I walk down by the creek and, instead of a muddy, hoof-marked watering hole for cattle, I see it clear and sparkling, crystal-cool straight from the mountain, with watercress growing, and a box-like cooler where milk and butter were kept in tin pails.

I climb that path, not even caring that my best slippers are ankle-deep in dust. The shimmering of the quaking aspen trees, the smell of the haw berries and the hum of the insects give me a feeling of peace. And once again as I stand on that hilltop, with the wind blowing through my hair, it is as if I were a child at my father's side. I watch the golden grain ripple.

Then I go home again, and life seems sweeter and dearer than it was.

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The Antidote

Cynthia M. Trunnell

WE have a yard in which the grass grows green and strong because of good seed, good soil, fertilizer, and water. Here and there are also growing dandelions and other weeds, vigorous and hardy from the same soil and fertilizer and water that benefit the grass. They spread out their uneven patterns irregularly across the lawn, marring the smooth green effect we are trying to achieve. This morning we sprayed the grass and the weeds with a poison mixed with water. The weeds will die because of this spraying, but the grass will not be damaged, will receive only the benefit of the water in the mixture. If we were to spray the vegetable garden, however, the vegetables would die with the weeds. I wonder what protects the grass. Is it some built-in immunity?

I know that with the good influences that are sprayed across my children's minds from television, movies, radio, and magazines, are mixed some poisons. The strength and appeal of these poisons I cannot judge. Their specific potency I can only guess. My children are not like the weeds, unplanted, untended, unwanted, untaught, but what if they are like the vegetables, lacking immunity to the poisons of life from which they cannot be completely shielded? How can I guard them by building into them some universal immunity to protect them as the grass is protected, from within?

The only such means of immunity I know is the gospel of Jesus Christ, taught to them with love and conviction, reinforced consistently by daily example. I believe and pray they will obey the gospel and be immune to poisons from which I cannot shield them.

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On Second Thought

Stella Hatch

IN this tension-filled whirl we live in, I've found an oasis. It is second thought. I cannot tell exactly when I discovered it, but it has saved me untold anxiety. I can truthfully say it has given me peace of mind.

Take for example — money. I used to spend it when I had it and hardly knew where it went, or whether it would reach or not. Now I plan for it. Then, on second thought, I replan it and it reaches, because I find things there that I can very well do without. It is a big relief when I do. When my children must have this or that luxury, I very firmly give it my second thought and let the children work for the money. They appreciate it more.

Just last week I planned an evening at the movie for me and the children, then, on second thought, I bought ice cream cones for us and our new neighbor's children, and we spent two wonderful hours getting acquainted.

I have been accomplishing my work by doing certain things on certain days and have been nervous and upset when anything interfered. On second thought, I sat down and made a list of the things I just *had* to do to keep a moderately clean house, a well-fed family, and presentable washings and ironings. Then I listed all the extras I have been tearing my heart out about and put each one down on a separate recipe card. Now, I take one of them out every day and work on it for ninety minutes, then I have the rest of the day to live and love more than I have ever done. I am accomplishing more, I'm not worrying about what hasn't been done, because I know that someday soon the card will pop up, and I enjoy my family so much more. Of course, they are wondering what has happened to me, but I just smile and squeeze my file box.

When traveling I choose a route. On second thought, I consider what I shall miss by going that way, so I reroute to have more pleasure for the same amount of gas.

I have been upset many times in disciplining the children, even punishing the wrong one. Now, on second thought, I am beginning to use more reason and much prayer. My children are slowly responding to my change of attitude. I have found myself becoming more patient.

My husband and I have been happier together, because when I have become annoyed about something, I give it a second thought, of what tomorrow would be like if he were taken from me. I try to greet him with a smile and appreciate the wonderful man he is. The petty things just seem to fade out. Try second thought. It is soul-satisfying.

Morning Promise

Leah W. Kimball

Even as branches bare
Against a somber sky,
May I add beauty to my world
As stark night passes by.

Soon morning sun, though hid from view,
Will penetrate the gray,
Pink-tint the clouds and, through the mist,
Find heaven's blue for day—

A promise of the light to come,
Of solace for the soul,
Of warmth and joys yet undreamed,
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For April's Sake

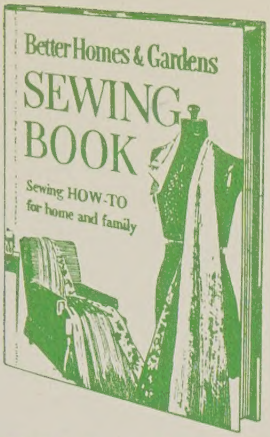
Ida Elaine James

Now consummates the root
In pale anemone
When humbly underfoot
Blooms pink fragility;

Now through the lyric air
Of spring, reluctant snow
Of petals drifts down April's stair
As cherry blossoms go.

As a thrush's wing whirs
Upon inviting wind,
Softly old magic stirs
To ruffle the mind.

On mornings sweetly blue
Memories awake
And softly sing of you
For April's sake.



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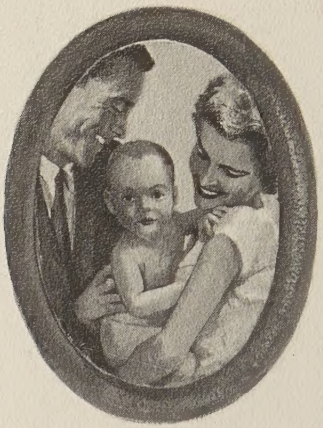

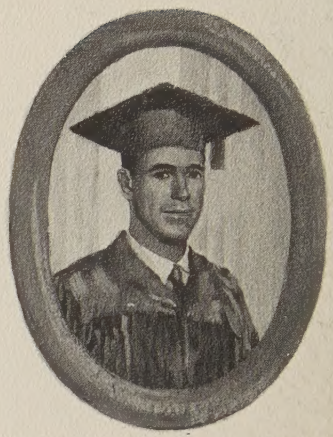

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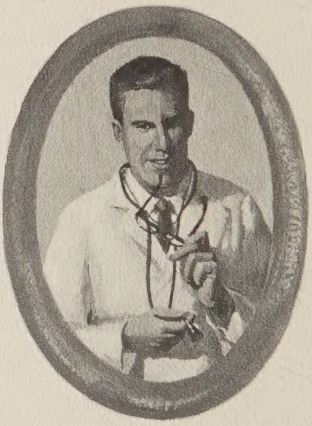

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